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MAY 19, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 20 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Three years ago, Associate Editor Gerald Clarke attended a sneak movie preview in San Francisco with hundreds of screaming children, a few science-fiction buffs and the creator of the film in question, George Lucas. Clarke emerged from the theater to urge that TIME's editors schedule a major story about "a movie you have to love." Clarke's article appeared soon after, previewing a film that was to receive a tidal wave of national attention: *Star Wars*, the fun-and-fantasy space opera that became the most financially successful motion picture ever made.

Movie sequels never seem to measure up either to the original or to the memories of our enjoyment. *The Empire Strikes Back*, the second "chapter" in Lucas' saga, was awaited with trepidation. Again Clarke sneaked an early look —and once more came away eager to write a major story. Says Clarke: "This is no ordinary sequel. Lucas and his company have used their *Star Wars* profits to make a film far more sophisticated in its technical effects. Lucas' imagination is as bountiful as ever, and he seems to have taken up where Disney left off. There are disappointments in *The Empire*, but it retains that special sense that fairy tales have —a moral dimension that touches us much more deeply than one-dimensional action adventures can."

Clarke with poster for Lucas' second "chapter"

The film brought Los Angeles Correspondent James Willwerth, who interviewed Lucas and many of the film's principals for the story, back to memories of his childhood. "It is a fairy tale disguised as science fiction," he says. Willwerth confesses that he is not a science-fiction fan, but says, "I enjoyed the film thoroughly because it reminded me of my own childhood fantasies. During three days of talks, Lucas told me that what he wanted to do in the *Star Wars* series was to create a 'classic children's tale,' so the assignment suited me fine: I still like Peter Pan and Snow White. My older brother read L. Frank Baum's *Oz* stories to me when I was little, and I intend to read them to my son when he is old enough." Willwerth's favorite moment came in Modesto, Calif., during a talk with Lucas and his parents, whose conservative views the film maker does not share. The couple avoided current events, describing instead how their son is the pride of his home town. Reports Willwerth: "Then George Senior's face clouded up and he exclaimed: 'What if Jane Fonda had been our daughter?' "

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Painting by Marshall Arisman.

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Cover: After three years of anticipation, that old gang is back: Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia, Han Solo, Chewbacca and —shudder— Darth Vader. Make way for the sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*. *See* CINEMA.

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Letters

Uneasy Allies

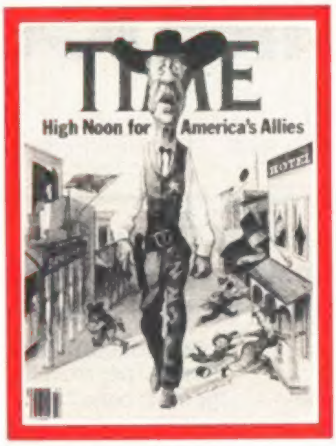
To the Editors:

America's allies [April 28]—always there when they need you.

(The Rev.) Larry N. Lorenzoni
San Francisco

Who does Carter think he is, trying to dictate foreign policy to independent nations? Does he not realize that the nations of Western Europe are not puppets of the U.S. and are well qualified to decide on their own what action should be taken toward the illegal detention of American subjects in Iran?

Ian D. Hay
Aberdeen, Scotland



I am an Englishwoman who was never very pro-American. Now, however, the U.S. has all my sympathy. It is expected to help out every Tom, Dick and Harry as the years go by, and gets precious little thanks for what it does. People say President Carter dithers. Who wouldn't with the "friends" he has?

Daisy Swindell
Minchinhampton, England

While we are clogging the roads on the way to the ballparks, race tracks and gambling casinos, what right do we have asking our allies to ruin themselves by joining our Iranian boycott?

Jules Kean
Philadelphia

What surprises me is that countries think that by imposing sanctions on Iran they are only trying to free the American hostages, when, in fact, they are protecting all the embassies around the world.

Evelyn Lane
Canoga Park, Calif.

A Vote for the Veep

Why don't we cut out all this nonsense regarding the forthcoming election of a President [April 28]? Nobody I know is for Carter, but most are also against Reagan. Get it over with and draft Vice President Mondale as the nominee of the Democratic Party.

Raymond C. Emery
Tempe, Ariz.

Capitalism (Contd.)

The U.S. no longer has a capitalistic economy [April 21]. What we have instead is an aristocracy of Big Business—a handful of conglomerates that control every facet of American life. The American consumer no longer has a choice. Whatever "rose" I pick, the name turns out to be Mobil or Ford or General Foods.

Margaret V. McGill
Philadelphia

Sorry, but your observation that "capitalism has lifted the vast majority of laborers into the middle class" ignores the historic role of the labor union movement. Without the labor unions, Marx would have been right: workers would have been pushed "deeper into poverty."

Kirk Bell
Sacramento

To attribute the ills of our current (mis)managed economic mess to capitalism is like blaming the victim for the crime. Do not blaspheme a noble ideal by giving capitalism's name to years of Keynesian meddling.

Oakley K. Davidson
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

Children of the Holocaust

It is only now that I am 33 years old that my parents, survivors of the Holocaust [April 21], are finally willing to describe their ordeal to their children. We are in the process of making a taped dialogue that painfully relives their horror and persecution. Why? I feel it is my responsibility to ensure that my children and future generations of our family will know in detail what happened to their German ancestors in the '30s and '40s. My parents can never forget; I will never forget; nor should any of us ever forget, lest it happen all over again.

Doris Melnick
Westminster, Calif.

As one of the children of the Holocaust, I never felt persecuted or different. We all are a product of our backgrounds, but to blame our parents' experiences for all the problems we may face is unfair. My problems are primarily associated with inflation and the high cost of living. Do we blame this on our parents' history?

Bernice Guest
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Polls, Mo and Money

The conclusion in your Essay on the presidential nominating process [April 14] is accurate when you say that the system favors the candidate who wins the early primaries.

As one who struggled to stay in the race, I found it discouraging that 99% of the media focused on polls, momentum and money, rather than the issues. Some contenders who understood the issues never really had a chance because the media ignored experience in government and politics. I shall always believe voters would be interested in an early analysis of all the candidates and their grasp of the issues.

Bob Dole
U.S. Senator, Kansas
Washington, D.C.

Nader's Day

Now that Ralph Nader has had his "Big Business Day" [April 28], I suggest the rest of us hold a "Big Government Day." We could celebrate it May 11, the day the average worker stops working to pay taxes and starts working for himself.

Stephen S. McNaughton
Bath, Me.

Nader's attack on Big Business is an ignorant stereotype. Perhaps we should all honor him on Ignorance Day.

Steve Adamek
Riverside, Calif.

The Preppie Look

Having grown up in the '50s, I had a feeling of déjà vu on reading "Here Comes the Preppie Look" [April 28]. Egads, think of the money we could save in these inflationary times if all that stuff hadn't been sold in garage sales years ago!

Shirley Catter
Dallas

The day the Preppie Look becomes popular is the day the Preppies stop wearing it.

Mary Venker
Washington, D.C.

Iron Will and Loyalty

I believe that G. Gordon Liddy [April 21], despite his idiosyncrasies, should be honored and admired for his seriousness of purpose, iron discipline and especially his unfaltering loyalty to both the U.S. and the President. Few people today possess such qualities in our Government.

William C. Stuhldreher Jr.
Indianapolis

Gordon Liddy is unique. I hope.

Bob Black
Lubbock, Texas

False Idols

Sidney Hook's attack on certain popular figures [April 28] brings to mind another false idol of our time: Bertolt Brecht. Brecht's purpose was not to bring down

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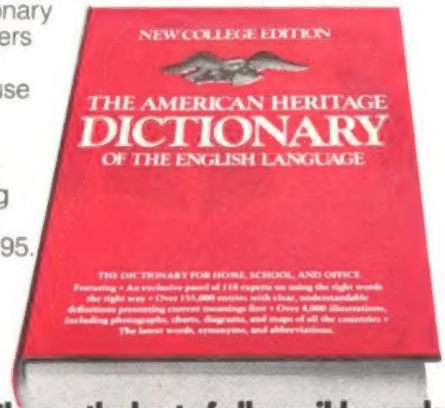

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Letters

the Nazis but that tender sprout of democracy, the Weimar Republic. Rather than undermine the Nazi movement, Brecht *et al.* made the brown-shirted thugs acceptable to millions of middle-class Germans ("Somebody's got to do something!"), and thus contributed to the eventual rise of Hitler.

Walter Ducloux, Professor of Music
University of Texas
Austin

Optimistic Sartre

The death of Jean-Paul Sartre [April 28] comes at a time when masses of people are embracing prefabricated values and ideas, and seeking security in political and religious fundamentalisms. Sartre was not a lonely pessimist, but was hopeful about the emergence of a harmonious worldwide society, which is necessary to deal with the growing problem of material scarcity.

Although fickle intellectual fashions may have left Sartre behind, his ceaseless demand for individual and social responsibility should not be forgotten.

Stuart Charmé
Department of Religion
Camden College of Arts and Sciences
Camden, N.J.

In Defense of Mice

The tone of your article "Mighty Mice: Naked Came the Rodents" [April 28] reinforces the attitude that it is acceptable to regard animals as products and nothing more. The way we treat animals—as living creatures or as inanimate objects—reflects on our respect for life and our attitudes toward man himself. "They are only rats" becomes "They are only Jews," then blacks, then women, then workers. And so on, and so on.

Judith A. Oliver
Wexford, Pa.

Cheerful Grandmother

I'm the 83-year-old grandmother that my granddaughter Donna Ragland wrote about [April 14] in response to your Essay on ageism. I had so many calls concerning the letter, even from out-of-towners, it made me feel good. I am hoping my health and outlook will keep me going so I can keep on cooking and baking for folks, to add a little cheer to life.

Mrs. Justin Mischik
North Miami

Casting a Stone

It would be too bad if Iran got caught between Iraq and a hard place.

Nadra Dangerfield
Lawrence, Kans.

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American Scene

West Point: The Coed Class of '80

Dinnertime, and the cavernous mess hall is overflowing with gray-clad cadets and a sprinkling of visitors. Two women cadets sit at a table with the reporter and other guests. "They're so pretty," one woman whispers. "Why would they ever come to West Point?"

A middle-aged man approaches the table, three stars glittering on his tan Army jacket. One of the women, a captain in the cadet Brigade, turns to greet him. After a brief exchange, the lieutenant general bends forward and kisses her affectionately on the cheek. Conversation at the table halts. After a moment, a male cadet sneers: "I bet you've never seen a general kissing an officer before, have you?" The kissed cadet is the daughter of one of the general's old Army friends.

■ ■ ■

"If I hear one more call for a meeting about the women or for the women or because of the women, I'm going to get sick," a male cadet confides. He is not alone in that opinion, though a report on the Academy puts the matter more formally. "Oversensitivity to the presence of women at West Point on the part of the staff and faculty has been disruptive, serving to alienate the men, foster separatism, and delay the complete integration of the Corps of Cadets." "It's the most traumatic thing that's happened since they took away the horses," says one unhappy grad.

After nearly four years of pressure, the 62 surviving women cadets (out of the original 119) in the Class of '80, the first to admit women, are also fed up with the limelight. "I always try to avoid interviews," says one emphatically. "I say to reporters, 'Go ask that male cadet the same things.' "

At first it seemed that physique would be the only problem. Most women have less upper-body strength than men. If women are judged by the same physical standards as men, most will fail. So the Point substituted the flexed-arm hang for pull-ups. For bayonet training, it equipped the women with a lighter rifle, the 6.5-lb. M-16 instead of the 9-lb. M-14. Separate track and swimming events for women were added to intramural tournaments in place of the contact sports in which women may not take part (football, boxing and wrestling).

But many male cadets feel that lowering the physical standards for the women "debased the coinage," and the women had to pay by being patronized. "Do you know that when they gave us our first leadership ratings, they said things like 'She walks like a girl'?" one woman recalls. Women were ridiculed because their voices were higher pitched and not as "commanding." Their short marching stride was thought unmilitary.

ELLISON—ARMY/VISION

At attention before a female cadet officer, a male plebe awaits a reprimand

And how would the female silhouette look in dress grays? "They thought the tailed jackets would accent our figures," says one of the women incredulously. "They thought our big rear ends would stick out, so they gave us no tails." Visitors who looked for the women on the parade fields had no trouble spotting them. They were the ones without tails.

They had no back pockets either. More boyish. But what's a cadet going to do with comb, handkerchief and notebook without a pocket? Especially a female cadet. Put them in her hat, of course. Every time they took their hats off, the women plebes would scramble around picking up their belongings. "You would have thought that they would have looked into

the uniforms before we came here," grumbles one of the women. "The jackets they gave us made us look like ten-ton trucks!"

■ ■ ■

A woman cadet works busily in her quarters, stopping to straighten her already drum-tight bunk. The door is open, not because a male cadet is visiting but because dozens of cadets keep filing back and forth from the corridor outside. (Men have had to forgo the honored custom of strolling naked through the barracks.) The woman is a top member of the cadet Brigade. A formation of her company is just now waiting for her outside the building. "Hey, Mom, it's time," calls one of the male cadets. This time it's an affectionate nickname, a mark of respect for her record, which brought her a cadet promotion. Like many of the women at West Point, she admits that she likes to cook and sew. (She's receiving a sewing machine for graduation.) She buckles on a curved saber, wraps a purple sash around her waist

During the inspection a male cadet giggles, and jiggles his eyebrows up and down in amusement as she walks by. Because he's a classmate she says nothing If he were a plebe she could say: "Mister, do you *know* the proper position of attention?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you better get there!"

■ ■ ■

Three women sit at a makeshift table in the middle of a temporary summer encampment. The field is studded with hundreds of pup tents. A senior talks about cadet life and the coming graduation. Another woman walks casually by in shorts and T shirt, her platinum hair neatly blown in a Dorothy Hamill haircut. The reporter is startled by her own instinctive response: How could this gorgeous girl be headed for an Army career? The thought is broken by an angry shout. Off to the side, male cadets are snidely calling to the women to come to formation "Buzz off," comes the hot answer. "People say we can run, we're big, and we're ugly, and it's just not true. They think we're either butches or amazons, looking for a man, superbright or superdumb. Actually, we're very serious," she concludes, squinching down her eyebrows and miming a grim expression

■ ■ ■

They have some cause for seriousness Within their first few months as plebes, West Point was engulfed in the worst cheating scandal in its 178-year history As first-year students, the women were ineligible for the upperclass Electrical Engineering 304 course that produced the shared exam answers and the scandal. But last year their presence caused a lesser scandal—that one involving dating cadets and outlawed hazing practices—that put the Academy on the front pages of the newspapers again. To an outsider the female attrition rate in the Class of '80, a shade under 50%, seems terribly high. But the Academy points out that it is one of the only institutions of higher learning in

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American Scene

which 80% of every student's courses are required. In fact, the normal attrition rate for all-male classes, from failure, discipline and resignations, has hovered just under 40% since 1972.

Women cadets did not do as well at military science (tactics) and engineering as the men, but did somewhat better in the humanities and social sciences. At graduation, there will be only one woman (Rhodes Scholar elect Andrea Hollen) in the top 5% of the class, along with 43 men. Yet in some ways female members of the Class of '80 have entirely won the hearts and minds of some male cadets—and vice versa. Soon after graduation 30 of the 62 graduating women will marry cadets or recent West Pointers. The Cadet Chapel is scheduled for weddings, some complete with arched swords and "Army blues" (formal dress uniforms), nearly every hour on the hour for 2½ days.

Class of '80 women have applied for combat-role assignments and been turned down. They are permitted "combat related" assignments, including air defense and artillery. Like all West Point graduates, they are permitted to express a personal choice but will serve wherever the luck of the draw, the needs of the nation, or the will of the Army puts them. This year for the first time, however, the Department of the Army is trying to work out "joint domicile" assignments for newly married West Pointers, which means that many women and their husbands will wind up serving with U.S. forces stationed in Germany and in stateside posts.

■ ■ ■

"Do you know the difference between a cadet and trash?" a cadet says to the reporter as she sits down at a large kitchen table. "Trash gets taken out twice a week." Jackets off, white nonregulation T shirts and bright suspenders prominently displayed, 15 to 20 male cadets lounge in a colonel's big staff house. Across the way in Eisenhower Hall the autumn cadet hop is about to get under way. Spirits are very dampened by the afternoon's 55-0 football game, the latest in a string of defeats for the once proud Army team. Why are these cadets not sharing the misery at the dance? "What's the use?" says one, dejected. "There are about 700 men for every girl who will be there alone." The reporter asks, "Why were there no women cadets at that party?" A cadet volunteers, "Oh, ma'am, one comes around once in a while, but she's not here today."

■ ■ ■

The male cadet seems deadly serious as he pulls the reporter aside for a private conversation: "The guys in my class are dreading graduation." He speaks earnestly of the sense of loss brought about by the arrival of the women. "We've written to ask President Carter, who's been invited to our graduation, not to play up the woman issue," he continues. "After all, it's our graduation too."

Barbara Dolan

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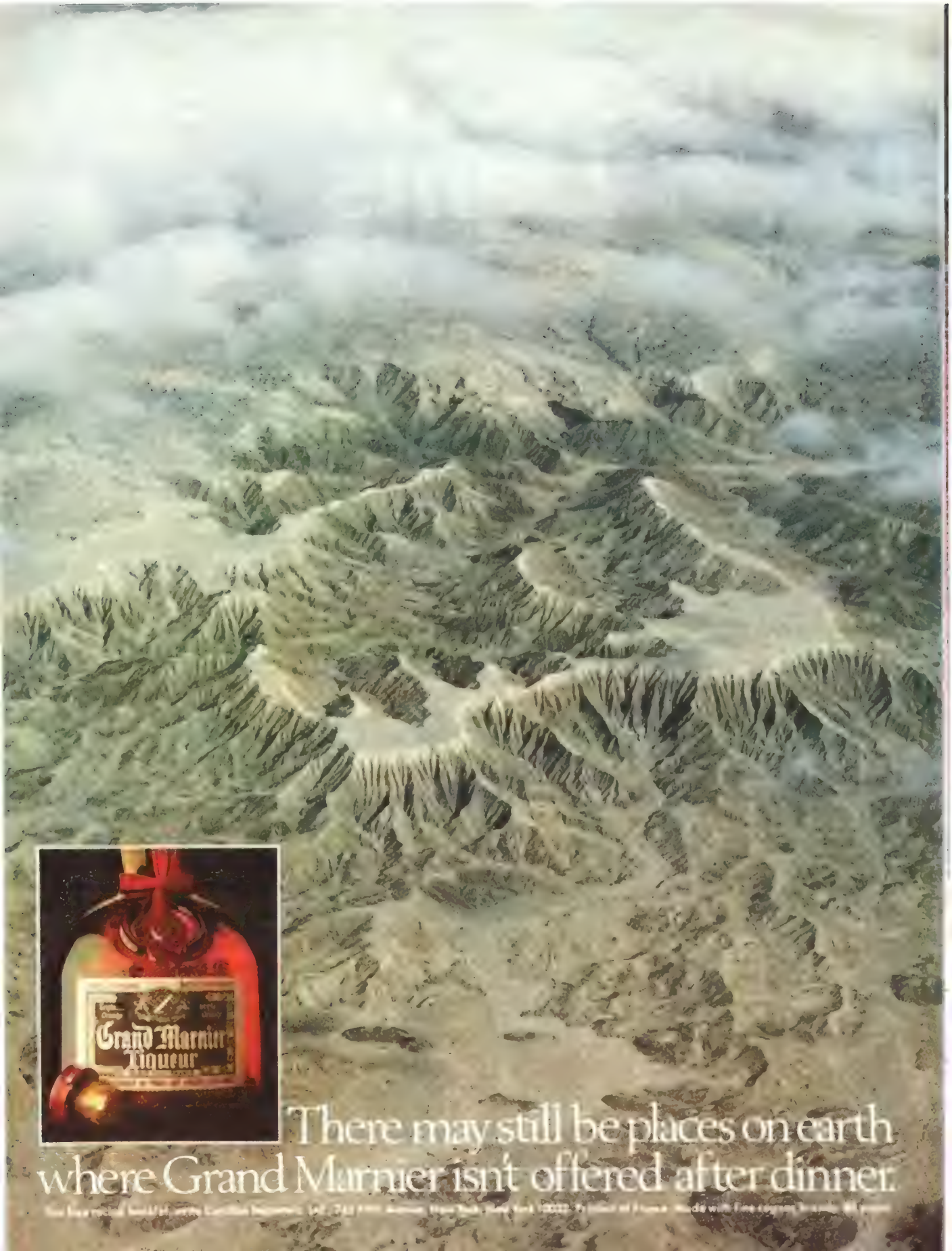

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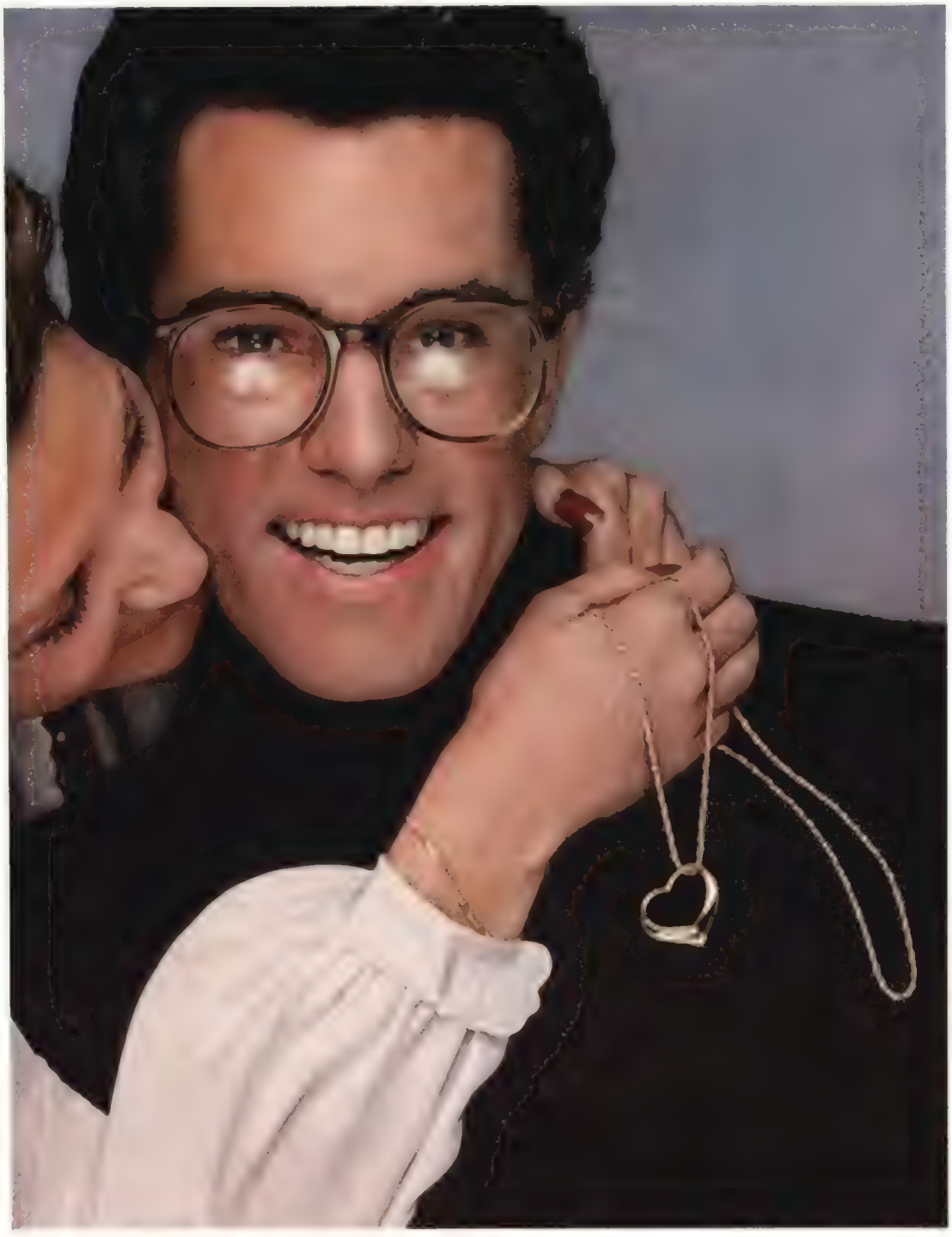

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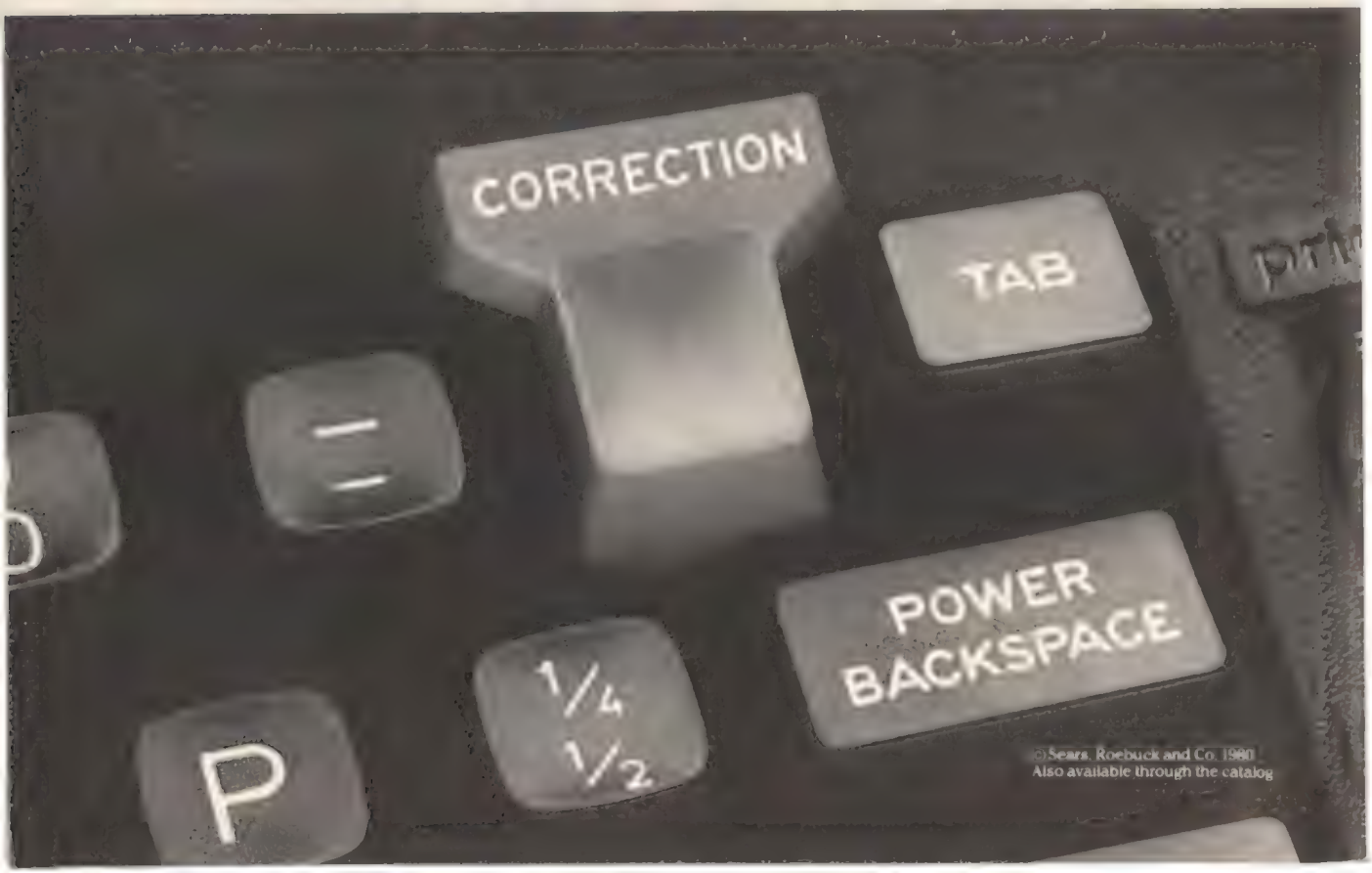

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WAGONS	EPA EST. MPG	EPA EST. HWY	EST. RANGE	EST. HWY. RANGE
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TIME MAY 19, 1980

Open Heart, Open Arms

Carter promises Cubans a haven, but the problems keep growing

The early signals from the U.S. Government had sounded uncertain, even hostile. But last week Jimmy Carter finally struck a clear note that reaffirmed America's long history of providing sanctuary to those "huddled masses yearning to breathe free." Declared the President: "Ours is a country of refugees. We'll continue to provide an open heart and open arms to refugees seeking freedom from Communist domination and from the economic deprivation brought about by Fidel Castro and his government."

Airman interviews refugee at Eglin

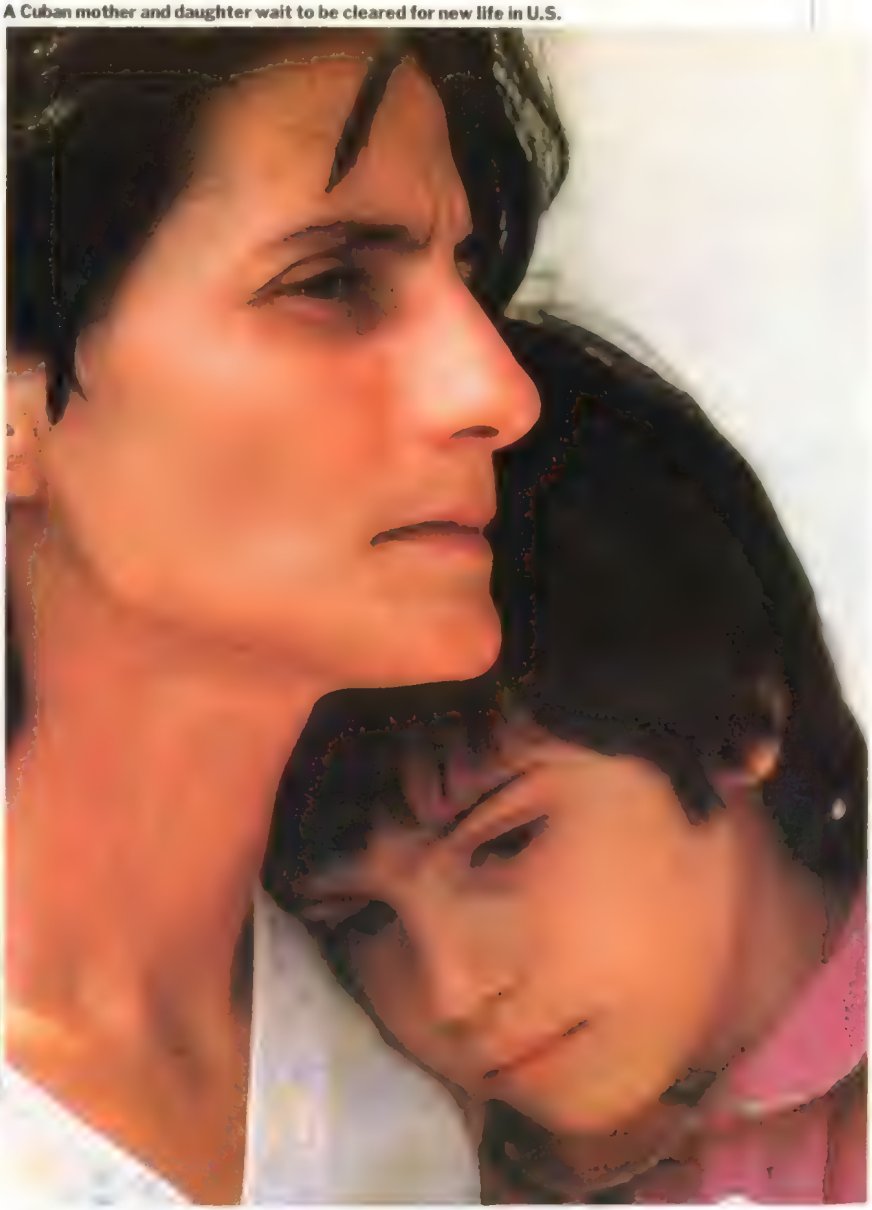
Yet as dangerously crowded boats continued bringing Cuban refugees into Key West, Fla., the incoming tide rose to nearly 31,000—and the words of welcome from Washington hardly solved the near chaos created by the sudden influx. How many more Cubans would follow, nobody seemed to know—speculation ranged wildly upward to a quarter of a million, even to 1 million—and that raised the difficult question of whether there are practical limits to the number of refugees the U.S. can take in.

Improvising to meet each day's challenge, U.S. officials mobilized an impressive reception. In less than a week, a city of 161 tents, each holding 30 refugees within its 18-ft. by 52-ft. space, sprang up at Eglin Air Force Base in the Florida panhandle. Long rows of cots completely jammed two 150-ft. by 240-ft. aircraft hangars, which normally shelter such fighters as the F-15 and F-4. With a dormitory and gymnasium also opened to the newcomers, the base alone held nearly 10,000 refugees. Tall pines were being felled to make room for even more temporary housing.

As the chartered airliners arrived from Key West, the weary refugees streamed off with an empty look in their eyes. They carried all the belongings they owned, stuffed in plastic bags and pillowcases. Some shied away from the military trucks and soldiers at first; they had been told back home that they would be mistreated in the U.S. But when a smiling airman in an Air Force van tossed out bags each containing a sandwich, a hardboiled egg, a carton of milk and an apple, the newcomers were delighted. Some of the children had never seen an apple before.

In South Florida, more than a dozen smaller shelters were opened at sites ranging from two former Nike missile bases to the inside corridors of Miami's Orange Bowl. The largest processing center was

A Cuban mother and daughter wait to be cleared for new life in U.S.



at Tamiami Park, on the outskirts of Miami, where 1,500 refugees a day plodded through a seven-step process to be cleared for release to join relatives who had fled Cuba years ago. All the while, more kept landing at Key West, to be bused from dockside to Key West Naval Air Station. There up to 5,000 waited, both inside and on surrounding concrete aprons of a huge airplane hangar, for other buses to Miami or airplanes to Eglin.

The tedious waiting in hot and crowded quarters tested tempers beyond the breaking point. Fights broke out when some of the refugees claimed they had spotted Castro spies in their midst. More jostling occurred when refugees scrambled to get on the buses for Miami. National Guardsmen locked arms to push back 400 trying to get into a single bus. Barked an exasperated sergeant through a megaphone: "You waited 21 years to come to America. Now you can wait four hours for a bus."

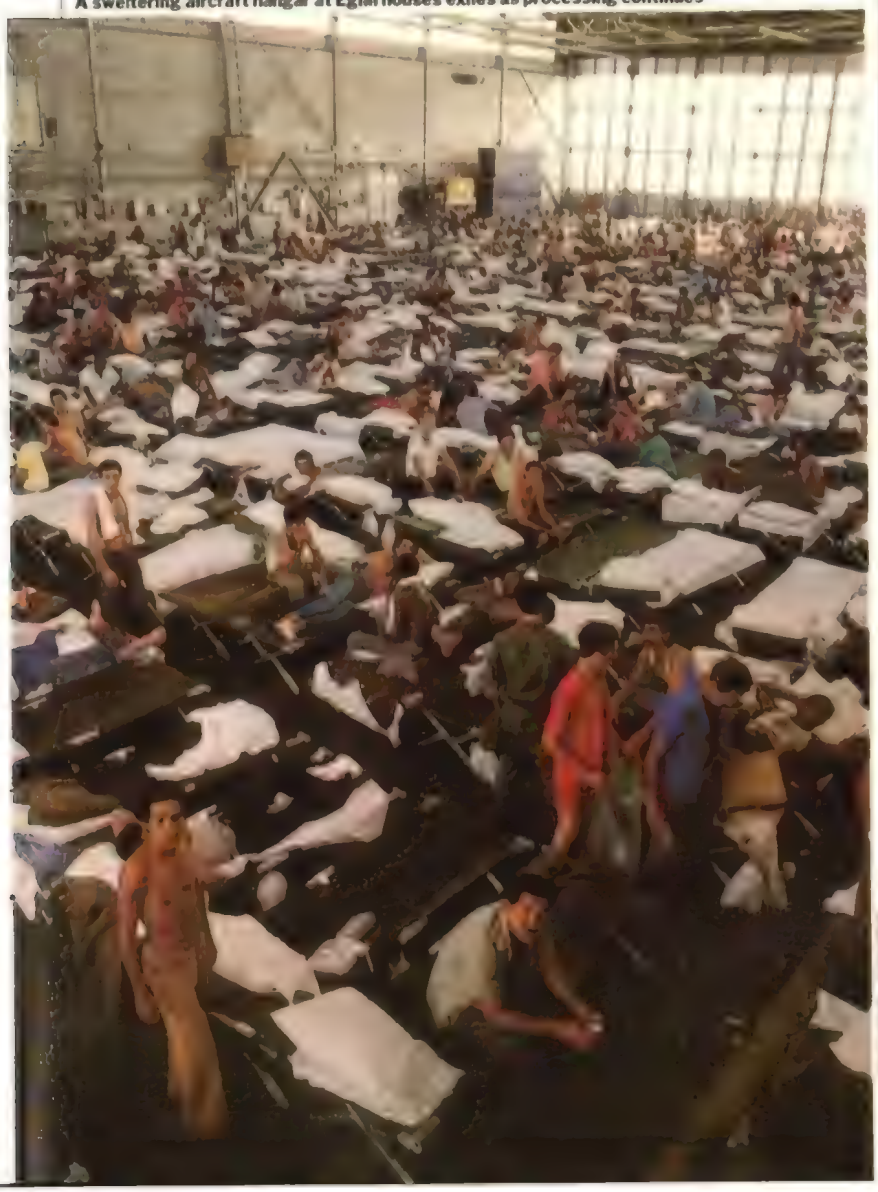
From Illinois' Scott Air Force Base, the Military Airlift Command dispatched C-141 Starlifters and C-130 Hercules cargo craft to carry ambulances, trucks, tents and even a mobile hospital to the refugee centers. Field kitchens, showers and 27 tons of C rations were flown in. Carter yielded to the plea of Florida Governor Bob Graham and the state's Congressmen and declared a state of emergency in Southern Florida. That will enable local authorities to be repaid from federal funds for their emergency help to the refugees. The President also made $10 million available from a refugee emergency fund to meet other immediate food and shelter costs. The newcomers were declared eligible for food stamps. The ultimate cost of the refugee wave, however, is incalculable.

Florida's well-established Cuban residents pitched in to help their own kin. The Cuban Patriotic Junta, a coalition of exile groups, began handing out $40 in cash to each newcomer. Miami-area Cuban Americans donated an astonishing 40 tons of clothing (about 30% of the Miami area's population is Cuban). Beyond that, boasted Silvia Unzueta, a relief coordinator at Tamiami Park, "We have enough Pampers for every child in the world."

But Florida is already beginning to overflow. Another huge reception center at Fort Chaffee in Arkansas began accepting refugees at week's end. It was preparing for up to 20,000. The experience will not be new for the Army base; it handled some 50,000 Vietnamese refugees in 1975. In case Fort Chaffee also proves insufficient, New Jersey's Fort Dix is next on the list to handle the arrival of even more Cubans.

There were still more than 1,500 American boats of all sizes waiting last week with restless crews and anxious relatives in Cuba's single refugee embarkation port of Mariel, 27 miles west of Havana. Those skippers who are finally permitted to load and sail under Castro's slow and erratic selection of exiles will have greater U.S. protection on the sometimes perilous 110-mile voyage than those

A sweltering aircraft hangar at Eglin houses exiles as processing continues



A new arrival in U.S. answers questions

hapless earlier captains whose boats were swamped by high winds. The U.S. Navy has the landing ship *Boulder* and the amphibious assault ship *Saipan* patrolling the Florida Straits. The *Saipan* has 14 helicopters equipped for plucking accident survivors out of the sea. The Coast Guard has ten vessels and at least eight helicopters on similar duty. More than 800 Marines were also flown from North Carolina's Camp Lejeune to Key West to help maintain order.

Despite the increasingly skillful planning, confusion has persisted. At Tamiami Park, federal officials for several days doled out up to $143 in cash to each refugee without realizing that a change in U.S. immigration laws effective on April 1 had made such payments illegal until after each exile formally seeks and is granted refugee status in the U.S.

More complicated was the question of dealing with criminals. Castro's officials had included among the fugitives a certain number of ex-cons as well as political prisoners. Special Miami police officers who helped interview the arrivals

Refugees suspected of crimes in Cuba being detained at Key West Naval Air Station

thought they had detected a number of known felons, but Immigration and Naturalization Service officials refused to treat most of these refugees any differently. "What are we doing here anyway?" protested Miami Intelligence Officer Richard Marrero. "It's all ridiculous." Yet INS had a point too: How could it check out the alleged offenses committed in Cuba, and would there be any point in trying to return people Castro obviously will not take back? Nonetheless, 209 male refugees were sent for further screening to the Federal Correctional Institution in Talladega, Ala. It is a medium-security facility, where the Cubans relaxed by playing softball, pool, Ping Pong and cards. Said one: "There could never be anything like this in Cuba. Jails really are jails in Cuba."

If there was confusion in Florida, its origin could be traced partly to Washington. At least ten agencies were automatically involved in such a large-scale refugee program. Even though Castro has twice previously opened the gates for Cuban refugees, his latest announcement that anyone could leave Cuba came without warning. There was no immediate guidance from the highest levels. Carter was concentrating on salvaging what he could from the failed Iranian rescue mission. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance's resignation left a vacuum at the State Department.

INS was busy trying to draw up regulations that would carry out a major reform of U.S. immigration laws. The new law was designed to broaden, rather than restrict, the admission of refugees, and it had been particularly pushed by Carter's rival for the Democratic presidential nomination, Senator Edward Kennedy.

The new law eliminated a long-standing assertion that all refugees from Communist countries automatically qualified for U.S. entry. It defines a refugee as a person unwilling or unable to return to his homeland because of "persecution or a well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, social group or political opinion." Each individual seeking refuge in the U.S. is expected to provide evidence that he fits one of those categories.

Beyond the normal immigration quotas, the law set 50,000 as the number of refugees who could enter the U.S. each year (compared with 17,400 previously). But it gave the President authority to expand that number after consulting with Congress. Carter has already asked that 231,000 refugees be admitted this year. Some 168,000 of them will come from Indochina, since the U.S. has committed itself to accepting 14,000 of these earlier boat people each month.

Carter originally set the Cuban refugee quota at 16,000, but when the Peruvian embassy in Havana was inundated by nearly 11,000 Cubans seeking asylum on April 4 and 5, Carter added another 3,500 to the Cuban quota as part of a hemispheric plan to take care of the embassy refugees. After the first planeloads began arriving in Costa Rica for distribution elsewhere, Castro grew angry at the bad publicity the exodus was giving him, particularly in Latin America. He shut off the airlift and opened Mariel instead to the more dangerous and disorderly sea route to the U.S. That in turn prompted Cuban Americans to flock to Key West to hire boats

As the ragtag fleet began bringing back unexpected numbers of Cubans, with and without immigration papers, INS officials tried to stick to the letter of the new law, which had not yet been tested. They have ruled that each newcomer has to be individually screened, to file for refugee status and show that he had personal reasons to fear he would be persecuted in Cuba for his political beliefs.

Thus the arriving Cubans had good reason to spread horror stories of Castro's *La Peligrosidad* (the dangerous law), under which many had been jailed because Castro's block-by-block vigilantes considered them "dangerous" or "antisocial." They told of Castro spies in every neighborhood snooping for any hints of antirevolutionary opinion. "There is no freedom whatsoever!" shouted one excited Cuban at Eglin. "The whole place is crazy!"

While INS processed the newcomers —more than a third were cleared by week's end and waiting to be sent on to relatives or other sponsors—the State Department was trying to curtail the influx by discouraging boat owners from heading for Mariel. This was meant partly to pressure Castro into accepting a more or-

Tent city erected within a week shelters thousands at Eglin

The work was not military, but the guests were grateful.

derly handling of those wishing to leave. (In 1959 he permitted more than 30,000 Cubans to come to the U.S., and between 1965 and 1971 nearly 250,000 arrived via a large airlift.) Again sticking to technicalities of the law, the Administration issued citations that if enforced, will require the boat owners to pay $1,000 fines for each refugee they carried. At last count, 580 such citations had been issued, but it seemed doubtful that the fines in most cases will ever be levied. State Department officials promised to continue to take action, however, against skippers whose boats were dangerously ill-equipped or overloaded.

After Carter committed the U.S. to accepting Cuban refugees, White House Press Secretary Jody Powell outlined the dilemma facing U.S. policymakers. "We will not tow boats back to Cuba," he said. "On the other hand, the U.S. cannot become a place of residence for everyone who wants to come here." The Florida delegation in Congress sought a meeting with Carter and pleaded for placing some limits on the influx of Cubans into their state.

Meanwhile, two broad diplomatic moves were under way. The most pressing was to convince the Cuban government that the 389 Cubans who have taken refuge in the former U.S. embassy in Havana should be given safe conduct out of the country. At the same time, the U.S. was trying to get other nations to join in accepting some of the refugees. Costa Rican President Rodrigo Carazo Odio called a conference last week attended by representatives of 22 nations, but the conferees decided only to send a delegation to Havana.

That means that the U.S. will have to accept far more of the refugees than any other country. Equally as troubling, the "open arms" policy toward the Cubans inevitably angered other nationalities seeking entry into the U.S. The most glaring inequity was between the ready admittance of the Cubans and the very slow processing of an equally large number of poverty-stricken Haitians who have also been making their way to Florida. Some 30,000 Haitian refugees have come to the U.S., mostly in a slow and relatively unnoticed trickle over the past ten years. About 13,000 have applied for refugee status. Very few have been accepted. Nearly all face possible deportation.

The Justice Department contends that there is a logical distinction between the two groups of refugees. Says one official: "The standard is whether they would be persecuted, and very few Haitians can meet the standard." But the congressional Black Caucus charged last week that the U.S. policy is "racist," discriminating against Haitians. Supporters of the Haitians contend that Haiti's President Jean-Claude Duvalier is a right-wing dictator whose government is every bit as repressive as Castro's left-wing regime.

In the end, it is Congress that probably will have to face the dilemma, since it controls the money that the acceptance of large numbers of refugees entails. By one official estimate, each thousand refugees will cost the U.S. $5 million in welfare and health aid, $2 million in food stamps and another $2 million for transportation. The Senate Judiciary Committee has scheduled hearings on the refugee problem this week.

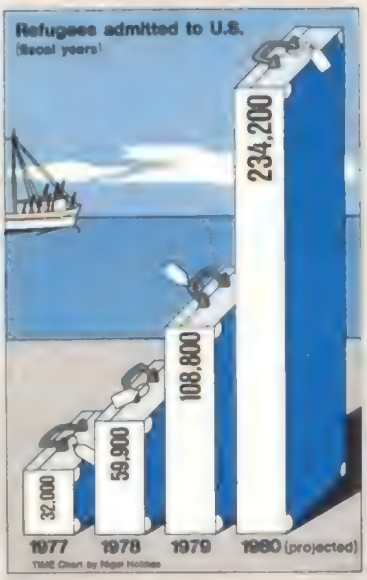
It is Castro who largely decides whether refugees can start streaming toward the U.S. Why the latest exodus? It seems that Castro is using the episode as a way to vent some of the anger and frustration that have been rising in Cuba. Economic conditions have worsened after some improvements a few years ago. The selling price of sugar on the world market has fallen from 66¢ per lb. in the mid-'70s to a current low of 6¢. The tobacco crop has been nearly wiped out by blue mold. Cuba today survives on a Soviet subsidy of about $8 million a day.

A Castro miscalculation is also a factor in the exodus. Perhaps as a propaganda gesture, perhaps simply to raise foreign currency, he admitted 100,000 Cuban Americans for short visits to relatives over the past two years. Said Enrique Torres, 36, a Havana auto mechanic: "Seeing all those watches and good clothing—it blew people's minds."

When crowds of Cubans began clamoring to leave, and Castro decided to let them go, he publicly berated them as criminals, derelicts and misfits. Cuban officials did their best to bear out such charges. Anyone boasting a prison record could get priority passage out of Cuba: indeed, some Cuban officials did a brisk business in selling forged prison papers.

There were without question a certain number of criminals among the latest refugees. Cuban Americans who had sailed to Mariel on Castro's pledge that they could pick up relatives there sometimes returned tearfully in boats carrying some young toughs, old winos and even prostitutes (Castro had long insisted that his nation had rid itself of such vice). Armed Castro soldiers marched prisoners directly from jails to the boats, forcing them aboard whether they wanted to go or not. The American crews similarly had no choice but to accept them.

Castro was not making the exodus easy for anyone except those on his list of preferred deportees. Many of the others were asked to pay the Cuban government back for their educations. Some paid $3,000. People owning homes could ask to leave, but when they vacated their houses, the buildings were seized by the government. If they could not get on a Florida-bound boat, they had no home to which they could return.



Coming Aboard

The number of refugees entering the U.S. has more than tripled during the past four years. The big increase started in the wake of the war in Indo-China, first with the evacuation of U.S. supporters, then the rescue of the Vietnamese boat people (about 75% of the 62,000 Indo-Chinese admitted during fiscal 1979) and finally the starving fugitives from Cambodia (about 20% of the 1979 total). A second large new group comes from the Soviet Union, a total of 77,000 Jews, dissidents and others since 1977.

Before Castro came to power in 1959, there were only about 50,000 Cubans living in the U.S. But the Immigration and Naturalization Service estimates that at least 750,000 Cubans have settled here over the past 20 years. Because the number is determined by those aliens who register each January, an INS spokesman admits: "We know that it is low." It might even be as high as 1 million—with some 30,000 more new joining their ranks.

The large majority of refugees were not criminals or social outcasts. Most were relatively young; a majority were men; most had blue-collar or clerical rather than professional backgrounds. One early survey counted almost a fourth as being under 21, while an overlapping fourth were women. Three-fourths claimed to have relatives in the U.S.

While they spoke of political oppression in Cuba, they often seemed even more concerned about the scarcity of jobs, food and clothing. They complained of the dreariness of life on the island. Neither poverty nor boredom, of course, met the legal requirements for entry into the U.S.; yet many of the refugees offered poignant reasons for their flight. Some examples:

Eugenio Gonzalez, 34, a trained com-

puter programmer: "I refused to join any of the party organizations, so I worked as a laborer for under $50 a month in a coffee factory. When you apply for a better job you must have proof of revolutionary activities. When they fired me as a computer expert, I got so desperate I bought a rubber inner tube and I was going to float across to Florida. But I was afraid. My father believed in the revolution. Now he weeps."

Carlos E. Garcia, 21, an engineering student: "I was living in a two-room apartment with 14 people. My three sisters had to sleep in one bed. I slept in the kitchen with four brothers. None of us had any money, and if we had, there was nothing to buy. I and my friends often talked secretly about leaving Cuba. The problem was how. We weren't ex-political prisoners, who could get out. We were just prisoners."

Libia Fernandez, 28, a schoolteacher: "There is nothing in Cuba. You cannot express what you feel. The only ones who have a good social life are the Communist leaders. They have cars, nice houses. In the last couple of years there has been a lot of hunger, little clothing. Sometimes we don't get soap for three months."

Roberto Gonzalez Perez, 34, a singer: "Not being a Communist in Cuba is a felony. You are trash. Every time you walk in the street, the police ask for your papers. The Soviet visitors and the tourists eat what we don't eat. They have good cigarettes and good beer. Most of the young people have stolen to live."

While the past waves of Cuban refugees proved hard workers who not only helped each other but strengthened the communities in which they settled, some fears about the latest influx are developing in Cuban-American areas. As the U.S. enters an economic recession, the new load on schools, local services and taxes is not welcome. A few protest rallies have already been held in South Florida. Asks Miami Builder Hank Green, incoming president of the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce: "Who takes them in? Who feeds them? I told my family last night, be prepared to be bilingual or to leave."

Just where the Cubans can go and how they will fare once there remains the ultimate problem for the U.S., and the answer will depend on the human reactions of many Americans. At Eglin Air Force Base, two soldiers laboring in the Florida sun to erect tents wondered why they were working so hard. "I don't really feel this is a job for the military," said one. Added the other: "I felt that way this morning, but I've changed my mind. These people are so grateful." In Key West, one 75-year-old man slowly climbed off a shrimp boat, and somebody asked him, "You've come to live in freedom?" As a volunteer took his arm to help him onto the dock, the man quietly replied: "No, I've come to die in freedom." ■

"Happy to Wash Dishes"

Several hundred Cuban refugees are already starting a new life. In the neighboring towns of Union City and West New York, N.J., many storefront signs are written in Spanish, and men sit in restaurants sipping *café cubano*. With 69,000 immigrants, many of whom fled here in the 1960s, this area has the largest Cuban community in the U.S. outside Miami, and many of the established exiles have opened their homes to the newcomers. "I never thought that Castro would let us go," says Ricardo Colas Estrada, 22, who spent seven days waiting in the Peruvian embassy and is now living with a family in Union City. "I had nothing much to eat, nothing to wear. There was no future for the young in Cuba today."

Gastón Rodríguez, who runs a small body and fender business in West New York, last month helped organize the Cuban-Peru Crusade, which raised $120,000 in a few days. The crusade's headquarters in the El Bohío Café on Bergenline Avenue is jammed with refugees, who get $50 and all the food and clothes they need. Volunteers take pledges over the phone for jobs, supplies and lodging. One merchant sends over a rack of new clothing, another offers jobs. "The reaction has been overwhelming," says Rodríguez. "We are taking care of these refugees. The Federal Government is not involved."

The area's Roman Catholic churches have been another rallying point for aid. In the basement of St. Anthony's Church in Union City a banner proclaims WELCOME BROTHERS. Some 100 people mill around waiting for public health nurses to take their blood to screen cases of TB and VD. Many are dazed by lack of sleep. One man, who was bitten on the back by a Cuban policeman, has a fever from the festering wound. But for all of them, St. Anthony's is just a way station. "We hope to process 20 a day," says Father Michael Fuino. "That means 20 will leave here every day not only to go to new jobs, but also to lodgings." At week's end two donations amounting to $11,000 enabled Father Fuino to move his charges into more comfortable quarters in a nearby apartment house.

POZARIC—GAMMA LIAISON

A refugee gets checkup at St. Anthony's

Many of the refugees have relatives here. Mrs. Martha Pina, a psychologist, welcomed her cousin Armando Pavron, 29. The son of a banker, Pavron spent seven years in a prison camp for trying to flee from Cuba. He dropped to 110 lbs. working the sugar-cane fields. He is now employed as a dishwasher at Plaza Dining in Secaucus. "Even though I have a university degree, I am happy to wash dishes," he says as he scrubs pots. "First I will learn English. Then I will go back to college. I don't want any charity."

Such industriousness has earned the Cubans considerable respect, but with a new wave of 5,000 to 6,000 immigrants expected, there is a fear that the local economy can no longer absorb them. North Jersey Congressmen, mayors, clergymen and community leaders met last week to form a committee to request federal aid for the resettlement. Says Union City Mayor William V. Musto: "There's no comparison between the economy in 1960 and in 1980."

Cuban leaders have also been trying to calm fears that some of the refugees may be criminals. Actually, violence of another kind is already established here. Omega 7, a clandestine anti-Castro group reputedly based in Union City, has claimed responsibility for 20 bombings in Manhattan and New Jersey during the past five years. "What happens if some of the refugees coming are Castro agents?" asks a middle-aged businessman. "There will be shootouts all over the place."

But such concerns do not seem to faze the newcomers. In their view, the worst is surely over. José Barbarena, 43, spent 14 years in Cuban prisons for fighting against the Castro regime. Says he: "I learned English because I never lost faith that I would some day come here and be free."

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Muskie's Maiden Mission

The nation's newest diplomat is off to meet the Soviets

There was no leisurely breaking-in period for Edmund Muskie as the 58th U.S. Secretary of State. Just eight days after being sworn into office, the nation's newest diplomat was scheduled to meet with one of the world's most experienced: Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who has dealt with (and irritated) every American Secretary of State since John Foster Dulles in 1957

Muskie and Gromyko will both be in Vienna to participate in ceremonies marking the 25th anniversary of the treaty ending the postwar occupation of Austria. Though their meeting is expected to be little more than a polite chat, it has symbolic importance. Not since superpower relations were severely chilled by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has there been any high-level contact between Washington and Moscow. If their brief talks go well, the two men may agree to see each other again, perhaps as soon as next month, for more comprehensive discussions that just might reopen a substantive U.S.-Soviet dialogue

This week's meeting probably would not have been scheduled at all had Cyrus Vance not resigned as Secretary of State. So long as he was to represent the U.S. at the Austrian festivities, the White House was unsure about whether he should see Gromyko. Vance felt he should, but presidential advisers argued that the Soviets, not the Americans, ought to make the initial gesture to resume high-level contacts. It was Moscow's aggression in Afghanistan, after all, that had ruptured U.S.-Soviet ties in the first place

But the sudden change of command at the State Department has transformed the nature of any Vienna meeting. It is now seen as an appropriate opportunity for the two men to get better acquainted. To prepare for the meeting, Muskie last week pored over a stack of briefing books and huddled with the State Department's top Soviet experts. During testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at the confirmation hearings for his new post, he said: "I would expect each side to undertake to lay out its perception of each other's policies." Thus it was anticipated that Gromyko will claim, as Moscow does in public, that it sent a "limited Soviet military contingent" into Afghanistan in response to an appeal from the Kabul regime

Muskie is certain to dispute firmly any such interpretation. Though long an advocate of U.S.-Soviet détente, Muskie told the Senate last week that he had been "as shaken as the American people were" by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. As a result, he said, "we must not relent in imposing a heavy price" on Moscow. And he added: "The burden at this point falls on the Soviets to change their policy in Afghanistan." This tough stance seems in tune with the public's mood. A survey taken earlier this year by the Foreign Policy Association revealed that 62% of the respondents think the Administration's foreign policy has been too weak; in 1978 only 44% felt that way.

So long as Washington and Moscow are at odds over Afghanistan, there is little chance of progress on other issues. The U.S. is likely to maintain its embargo on grain and advanced technology sales to the U.S.S.R. Though Washington last week approved Moscow's purchase of $5 million in American equipment for oil drilling in the northwest Pacific, the Administration claims that no highly sophisticated technology is involved. What also is likely to remain frozen is SALT II. When asked about the nuclear arms treaty at the confirmation hearings, Muskie said that Senate ratification is "an impossibility at this point."

Immediately before heading for Vienna, Muskie was due to be in Brussels for a NATO meeting called to evaluate the alliance's defenses in light of the Soviet move into Afghanistan. In addition, the allies will be discussing their next steps in backing the U.S. in its confrontation with Iran. These sessions will mark Muskie's first opportunity to deal with America's disgruntled friends.

The new Secretary of State received a rousing send-off for his maiden diplomatic mission when the Senate, after less than four hours of hearings, confirmed his appointment, 94 to 2. Even the two nays (by Republican Conservatives Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Gordon Humphrey of New Hampshire) were cast not in disapproval of Muskie but as protests against Carter's foreign policy. One Senator followed another in praising Muskie and he, in turn, brought them to their feet with an emotional farewell to the chamber in which he had served for the past 22 years. Said Muskie: "I look forward to a continuation of this relationship on a more adversary basis, perhaps." (His successor for the 2½ years that remain in his term is George Mitchell, 46, who was long active in Maine Democratic politics before becoming a U.S. district court judge in 1977.)

Just hours before the Senate vote, a relaxed and even jocular Muskie fielded friendly questions from the Foreign Relations Committee. Said he: "I have brought no detailed new blueprint to this hearing. Only days ago, I was seated on your side of this room." He served on the committee for six years. Muskie's role in the Administration rather than his views on specific policy issues seemed to be on most Senators' minds. They urged him not to be upstaged by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Said Delaware Democrat Joseph Biden: "I hope that you will walk into the President's [office] and tell him that if he doesn't support you, you'll leave." New York Republican Jacob Javits assured Muskie of congressional backing if he gets into a squabble with Brzezinski. Replied Muskie: "Since you've made the offer, I will use you as my troops." Muskie vowed that he would be the President's "principal adviser and principal spokesman" on foreign policy. His trip this week is his first chance to show how he will fare in that role. ■

Muskie testifies at Senate hearing before vote confirming him as Secretary of State

"The burden at this point falls on the Soviets to change their policy on Afghanistan."

"Hail to the Chief!"

The President emerges—cautiously—from his Rose Garden

"I'm free! I'm free!" exulted President Carter as he ran around the South Lawn of the White House in his T shirt. Or so said one top presidential aide, joking about the fact that his boss abandoned the White House Rose Garden last week and started campaigning again after 186 days of self-imposed isolation. Still Carter was only half free as he made his first political foray since the capture of the Tehran hostages. Though he had just swept to solid victories over Senator Edward M. Kennedy in the primary elections in Indiana, North Carolina and Tennessee (losing only in the District of Columbia), Carter was not sure how he would be received by a public fed up with inflation, the lingering captivity of the hostages and the rescue mission that so ignominiously collapsed. But if there were not many huzzahs for the President, there were not many catcalls either. In the rigorously scheduled day, Carter was not permitted to stumble.

First stop on Friday morning was Arlington National Cemetery, where an hour-long memorial service was held for the eight servicemen* who died in the aborted raid in Iran. After meeting beforehand with the families of the dead men, Carter delivered a nine-minute eulogy. "It is not the length of life," he said, "that determines its impact or its quality, but the depth of its commitment and the height of its purpose." While Carter spoke, his voice was firm. But later, when a lone bugler played taps, when six Thunderbird jets swooped across the sky in the "missing-man formation," when the hymn *God of Our Fathers* swelled up from the audience, the President wiped away tears with a handkerchief.

Flying to Philadelphia aboard helicopter Marine One, Carter was greeted with a rousing rendition of *Hail to the Chief*, the tune he had not allowed to be played in his presence for two years because of the pomp it brought to the presidency. But there was no further hailing the chief on this occasion. In an address to the World Affairs Council, delivered in his familiar halting style, Carter had little new or forceful to say. Still citing SALT II as a major accomplishment, he pledged to seek ratification "at the earliest opportune time." He warned that foreign policy is "not a matter of instant successes ... We must expect prolonged management of seemingly intractable situations and often contradictory realities."

The President's spirits seemed to lift a little when he attended the last event of the day, a "town meeting" of the type he greatly enjoys. For 68 minutes, he bantered easily with some 1,700 people gathered in McGonigle Hall at Temple University. When somebody complimented him for doing a "marvelous job," he quipped that this was his favorite question so far. The audience applauded.

SAL DIMARCO

Town meeting: answering questions from audience at Temple University

"We're going to have a recession. It's not going to be an easy three or four months."

The questions were far from zingers. Asked about foreign policy differences among officials in his Administration, Carter first denied that there were any, then took the occasion to rap his National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski, said Carter, "is kind of feisty. He's aggressive. He's innovative. He puts forth bright ideas, some of which have to be discarded." But Carter then dealt far more harshly with former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Said the President: "I see Ed Muskie as being a much stronger and more statesmanlike ... figure who will be a more evocative spokesman for our nation's foreign policy. I would prefer that Ed Muskie not be so personally involved in the details and negotiations with other nations." That function, said Carter, could be left to Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher. The President concluded: "There is one person in this nation responsible for the establishment of the carrying out of American foreign policy, and that is the President of the U.S."

Responding to a question about the hostages, Carter said he would continue his modest economic sanctions. Though military options would be kept open, he stressed his desire to resolve the issue by peaceful means. The dispersal of the hostages would also make military action more difficult. Once again, he said he thought the rescue mission would have succeeded if it had been able to go ahead. He added almost wistfully: "I wish now we had had another helicopter."

Challenged on his anti-inflation program, Carter took the offensive. The results, he claimed, were "far exceeding our expectations." The prime rate, he said, was falling a point a week, and mortgage rates were headed toward 13%. "My prediction to you is that in the summer we will see substantial reductions to a significant degree in the inflation rate." He added, however: "We're going to have a recession on our hands, no doubt about it ... It's not going to be an easy three or four months."

The visit to Philadelphia was billed as nonpolitical, since Pennsylvania has already had its primary, but it was hardly coincidental that the heavy press coverage of Carter's outing was broadcast into neighboring New Jersey, where the primary is still ahead. Carter's new strategy calls for him to campaign, but to look as nonpartisan and presidential as possible. That will test his ingenuity when he goes to Cleveland on May 29 just before the last critical Democratic primaries (Ohio, New Jersey, California and five other states) on June 3. But Carter has by now accumulated roughly 1,383 delegates, compared with Kennedy's 746. Needed to nominate: 1,666. Ohio helped to clinch the nomination for Carter in 1976, and his aides are already talking as though victory is again imminent. Gloated Campaign Director Robert Strauss: "It's all vanilla for us from here on." ■

*The Iranians claimed there were nine dead and returned nine coffins to the U.S. The Defense Department said, however, that the nine coffins held only eight bodies in all

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Kennedy talking with reporters in Baltimore during a campaign swing through Maryland

Squalls Among the Democrats

A few believe Carter cannot win—and want an alternative

Even as Jimmy Carter was sweeping toward renomination, there was grumbling last week among Democrats about him as their candidate. They are worried about the latest polls, which show Ronald Reagan leading Carter by up to nine percentage points; and they fear that Carter may not be able to recover by November because of the public's discontent over the economy and foreign policy.

The loudest complaints were voiced by Democratic Governor Hugh Carey of New York. He urged Carter and Senator Edward Kennedy to release their delegates to permit a "totally open convention." Democratic Senator Daniel Moynihan of New York agreed. Said he: "To choose between the two of them [Carter and Kennedy] is hardly going to help us put together a ticket that has a chance to win in November." Other Democrats have talked wistfully, but unrealistically, of drafting Vice President Walter Mondale. Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington, who was soundly trounced in the 1976 presidential primaries, has claimed that "people come up to me almost every day and say, 'I wish you were running.' "

The talk of an open convention infuriates Carter's aides. "A bizarre suggestion at best," said Tim Kraft, coordinator of the President's field campaign. Scoffed New York Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, a rival of Carey's and supporter of Carter's: "It sounds as though Carey is saying that if you get to the eighth inning and you don't like the score, you should change the rules."

Indeed, changing the rules is just what Kennedy's strategists have in mind. They realize it is now virtually impossible for him to win enough of the remaining delegates to get the nomination on the first ballot. That would require him to win about 80% of the vote on June 3, when Democrats in eight states will choose 696 delegates, almost one-fifth of those who will go to the convention in August.

Kennedy hopes to do well enough in the final primaries to demonstrate to the party that only he can win in November. Then, according to scenario, Kennedy partisans will persuade the delegates at the convention to change Rule 11H, which requires delegates pledged to a candidate to vote for that candidate on the first ballot. This would enable defectors from Carter to abstain on the first ballot or to vote for Kennedy. Said Paul Kirk, political director of the Kennedy campaign: "Most of these delegates are free and independent, thinking citizens who care about the party and its direction."

But the Kennedy strategy is unlikely to work. Rule 11H also empowers a candidate to replace wavering delegates with staunch supporters. To identify potential defectors, about 75 Carter supporters are now researching the backgrounds of all Carter delegates. In addition, staffers phone the delegates regularly to encourage them to stay loyal. Said Tom Donilon, a Carter campaign aide: "There is no evidence of defections anywhere. But we are not taking any chances."

As he campaigned in Maryland last week, Kennedy denied he was trying to woo away Carter delegates. Said Kennedy of Carter's aides: "I don't understand what they are so worried about." The Senator also repeated his intention to stay in the race right up to the convention roll call, if only to ensure that he will have a major influence on the party's platform. Declared Kennedy: "I intend to do everything I possibly can to make sure the Democratic Party is going to shape solutions to deal effectively [with social and economic issues]." But he insisted that he does not contemplate losing the nomination. Said he: "I remember learning at an early age, at my father's knee, that if you are thinking of coming in second, you are never going to come in first." ■

The End Game For Reagan

He has one eye on the fall

One of Ronald Reagan's most difficult problems last week was acting as though he were still in a race for the Republican presidential nomination. The Californian continued to pile up delegates in primaries, swamping George Bush in Indiana, North Carolina and Tennessee; Bush carried only the District of Columbia, where Reagan was not on the ballot. Altogether the Californian won more than 100 of the 140 delegates at stake, raising his total to about 850, to only 180 for Bush. Reagan needs only about 150 more delegates to be assured of being nominated on the first ballot at the convention, and he could win them before the concluding round of primaries on June 3. Said Reagan, joshing coyly with reporters: "It will be very difficult for me to say any more that I'm cautiously optimistic. I'm just optimistic."

Bush's strategy now amounts to no more than a desperate hope that he can sweep all the remaining primaries in major states—Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon and Reagan's native California—and that the shock of such a wholesale upset would cause delegates already committed to Reagan to switch to Bush. Nonetheless, Bush refuses to drop out. In fact, last week he named former Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski to monitor spending by independent conservative campaign committees that help Reagan. Bush is not charging that there has been any illegal activity, but wants Jaworski to watch for any signs that there might be.

To Reagan's staff, the Bush campaign has dwindled from a challenge to a minor irritant. Says Reagan Campaign Manager

The front runner shaking hands in Tennessee

Taking out "Eagleton insurance."

William Casey: "Bush is a drain on our time and attention." But for the sake of party unity in the fall, Reagan refuses to put pressure on Bush to quit. Says Reagan: "That's a decision only he can make."

Reagan's staffers would prefer to be working full time on their most urgent task: preparing for the campaign against Jimmy Carter. For example, Reagan's personal campaign organization eventually must be merged with the Republican Party apparatus in Washington and in the 50 states, but that cannot be completed as long as the nomination is still being contested. Nevertheless, Reagan's men are making some planning progress. They have been in touch with the Republican National Committee, which last week chose former President Gerald Ford to make a convention speech on opening night. Reagan and his aides believe that a plea for the party to close ranks will have strong impact coming from the man who beat Reagan in the bitter 1976 campaign.

Reagan's aides are also beginning to make serious plans for selection of a vice-presidential candidate. They have agreed on one prime qualification: because of Reagan's age (69), the choice must be someone whom voters would take seriously as a potential President. No formal "short list" has been drawn up, but some staffers say that when one is, it will probably include Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker and Bush, whose primary victories in Massachussetts and Pennsylvania demonstrated strength in the industrial Northeast that Reagan could use.

Reagan must also refine his main themes for the fall campaign, but he is having some trouble doing so. He was supposed to lay out a comprehensive economic policy in a speech last Friday, but after reading a draft prepared by aides, he put off that effort and huddled again with his advisers. The key issue is how deep a tax cut Reagan should advocate. During the primaries he has talked of slashing income tax rates 30% over three years. At times he has sounded as though he thought the idea is an economic cure-all, prompting Bush to attack him for practicing "voodoo economics." Bush contends that so drastic a slash would worsen inflation by ballooning the federal deficit.

Some of Reagan's senior economic advisers are uneasy about Reagan's plan for similar reasons. They agree that taxes must be cut, but would like the 30% figure, if it is retained at all, to be considered a goal rather than a hard-and-fast commitment. The aides also are giving him conflicting advice on the timing of a tax cut and how it should be coordinated with other Reagan policies. If Reagan has made up his own mind, he has not disclosed his decision even to his own aides. Says one: "He expresses himself in speech paragraphs rather than ideas, even when he is talking privately." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Essence of Courage

On the afternoon of April 24, the sun poured down on an Egyptian airfield where six C-130 transports squatted. The men who would fly the planes to Iran and those who would storm the U.S. embassy compound milled around the craft. The rescue force commander stood in the open beside the elaborate communications gear that linked the tense unit with the White House, the Pentagon and a collection of technical groups spread halfway around the world.

The officer, a veteran of much combat, looked out over the field and felt something entirely different from anything he had felt before when he had fought with armies beside him and behind him. These troops were going alone into a world of 35 million suspicious and hostile people. No other nation had ever tried a military operation so distant and complex. The idea of failure was acknowledged but locked away. It had to be. The belief that success can be achieved in such an exploit may be 60% of the effort. It is a beautiful scene, thought the officer as he swept his eyes far down the horizon, taking in each airplane. He mused as a warrior, sensing not the horrors of battle that might be coming but the pride and honor the men felt to be there, the singular essence of courage that only those who do such things can fully understand.

The time ticked away in long seconds toward that moment when the signal would come that the mission was on. The commander received his orders. The soldiers and airmen were watching his face. He turned and jammed his fist into the air with his thumb up. Shouts shattered the stillness. It was a brief burst. There were no bands and no U.S. flags. The next stir was the big turbo props coming to life—then the transports lifting off into tragedy.

The bodies of U.S. commandos who died in Iran are returned to Dover Air Force Base

History will sort out the reasons why the mission failed. The experts in hindsight are thunderous now. There will be theories and reasons stated with the certitude that critics can always put on paper. But the mission might have succeeded. It might have succeeded because the extraordinary men who put it together thought it could. They calculated thousands of human and mechanical contingencies and provided for them in their preparations. But always in these things providence demands a part, and no human can reckon with that hand. Washington, Jackson, Custer, Doolittle risked and won—and sometimes lost. God knows why, and we are not going to know finally this time.

It is so easy not to attempt such missions. That is the worry now among men who must provide for the security of the U.S. Terrorism is based on the willingness of those who terrorize to take high risks. To confront it demands risks. And no crisis will ever be quite the same as the one before.

The mission's planners tried to allow not only for all the technical strains, but also for the human factors. Phone calls and letters from the members of the mission were monitored. They were allowed to go home for Christmas to keep their families unsuspecting. Men were judged for their compatibility with the machines they would use. Ten or so were squeezed out of the task force when their resolve softened. The planners studied the mentality of the Soviets and were able to fool them, even though elements of the rescue force were maneuvering right beside them. The entire task force discussed the regional politics, the American cause, the likely response of the Iranians and the world. They knew they were the vanguard in a new era of unrest. There was the conviction among those men that the nation had to try, that if the U.S. ever stopped doing such things, the future would be even more dangerous.

Too gung-ho? ask the critics. Spirit is the fundamental strength in those who fight. Otherwise, forget it. When they came in on that morning there was no bitching, no real despair. When they spilled out of the C-130s they were ordered to line up like soldiers and give their name, rank and serial number. The men quietly obeyed their orders, eyes showing profound disappointment. But, the commander noticed, no chins were down. That, he thought, is a beautiful sight in the world of those who go to fight.

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Balancing Act

A "make believe" budget

When debate opened three weeks ago on federal spending in 1981, House Budget Committee Chairman Robert Giaimo of Connecticut predicted that Congress was about to achieve a "historic breakthrough"—the first balanced budget in twelve years. Last week the House did just that, voting by 225 to 193 to spend $611.8 billion in the fiscal year that begins on Oct. 1. The budget projects a $2 billion surplus, in contrast to the $42.8 billion deficit on 1980 spending of $571.6 billion.

Unfortunately, the budget balancing act was accomplished only through two highly questionable maneuvers. First, to hold down spending, the House budget resolution directed 16 congressional committees to trim a total of $9 billion from Government programs. The chairmen of the committees opposed the move, arguing that it infringed on their traditional authority. Said Interior Committee Chairman Morris Udall of Arizona: "This is a grab for power."

Second, the House Budget Committee based its revenue predictions on the shaky assumption that the recession will not be as bad as most economists think. In his own defense, Giaimo argued: "The economists have been so wrong. They have been predicting recession for three years." Asked if his economic predictions might be wrong, he replied: "It is possible. It is too early to say."

The House budget assumes that the U.S. unemployment rate will peak at 7.5% by late 1980; other experts believe that the rate will actually climb as high as 8.5% next year. Economists estimate that a miscalculation of one percentage point in the unemployment rate would throw off the House budget figures by more than $25 billion—a loss of $20 billion in revenues and an automatic increase of $5 billion to $7 billion in unemployment benefits. Conceded New York Republican Congressman Barber Conable, a member of the Budget Committee: "There is a substantial aura of make-believe about our prognostications."

After the House vote, the budget battle moved to the Senate, where Ernest Hollings of South Carolina has succeeded Edmund Muskie as chairman of the Budget Committee. A staunch supporter of increased military spending, Hollings is expected to press for deep cuts in domestic programs and a bigger Pentagon budget. In the end, the Senate too is expected to produce a balanced budget, but one that will stay balanced only in the unlikely event that the economy cooperates. ■

Ernest Hollings

James David Barber at Duke University

Cycle Races

A provocative new theory

James David Barber, 49, a tall, soft-spoken Duke professor who likes to psychoanalyze Presidents, has now attempted a more ambitious task: putting the entire American electorate on the couch. In what has been a year of rather cautious punditing, he proposes a provocative new theory of cyclical moods to explain why Presidents get elected. Woe to the candidate who is out of phase with the cycle; no matter what he does, he doesn't stand a chance.

In his much discussed book, *The Presidential Character*, published in 1972, Barber categorized Presidents according to whether they were active or passive and positive or negative toward their job. In his new book, *The Pulse of Politics* (Norton; $14.95), Barber divides presidential elections since 1900 into three phases: conflict, conscience and conciliation. First comes a tooth-and-claw struggle: a stand-pat William McKinley *vs.* fiery Populist William Jennings Bryan in 1900, or Richard Nixon *vs.* George McGovern in 1972. Then all-out conflict gives way to a rivalry of conscience, lofty moralizing in place of mere politics: Woodrow Wilson *vs.* Charles Evans Hughes in 1916, or Jimmy Carter *vs.* Gerald Ford in 1976. Finally, exhausted by combat, the public seeks a conciliator: Harding in 1920, Eisenhower in 1956, and someone of similarly soothing qualities in 1980. Carter or Reagan? Whatever their drawbacks, both try to present themselves as reassuring figures who want to bring people together.

Barber knows how to start an argument. In an election of conscience, was Goldwater really any less combative than Truman in a year of conflict? Was Nixon the conciliator in 1968 all that different from Nixon the scrapper a mere four years later? Barber's categories are considerably too neat, but his basic point deserves attention: an election depends as much on the mood of the time as it does on the qualities of the successful candidate. Tom Dewey, Barber argues, came on too strong in 1944, when the public yearned for unity, but was too weak in 1948, when the mood was combative. Wrong both times, he lost both times.

F.D.R., on the other hand, smoothly adjusted to each change in the cycle. In 1932, in the depths of the Depression, he began as a conciliator. Four years later, after the electorate had divided over the New Deal, he turned more strident. In 1940 he appeared as a patriotic moralizer, preparing for war while keeping the nation out of it. Finally, in 1944, he began another cycle as the great wartime unifier.

One value of Barber's theory is that it puts new emphasis on the importance of conciliation in politics. The author feels that the press is overly disposed to treat a campaign as a battle. "The story of politics as conflict has distorted and diverted presidential politics repeatedly," he asserts. His view: conflict makes the best story and if there is none, the press starts looking for it. Barber is especially unhappy with coverage of so-called gaffes. A case in point: Jimmy Carter's remark in 1976 about maintaining "ethnic purity" in neighborhoods. While inept and ill-advised, Barber argues, the phrase told nothing about the man, who never before or since could be accused of bigotry. Yet it became a serious campaign issue, as one press account fed on another.

Instead of relentlessly pursuing conflict, Barber says, the press should spend more time examining the candidate's vision of the good life that will motivate him in office. It should pay more attention to how the candidate works with others, to the views he shares with other national leaders. That will give some insight as to how he will build coalitions when he is elected and how effectively he will govern—which is what elections are supposed to be about.

With the decline of parties and the Establishment, says Barber, the media are today's true kingmakers, capable of savaging or salvaging a candidacy with a few well-chosen words. Such criticism of the press, not altogether new, is not altogether convincing either. Though the press has indisputably become part of the political process that it reports, it is no more than one element in that process. ■

The Pope Votes Out Drinan

But how far does the ban on priest-politicians extend?

Few congressional seats seemed safer than the one held by Democrat Robert F. Drinan. His toothy grin and liberal views were popular enough in Boston's western suburbs to win him five terms by growing margins; in 1978 the Republicans did not even put up a candidate against him. Campaign Manager Jerome Grossman expected that Drinan would have no significant opposition this year either. Grossman learned last week that he could not have been more wrong. From Drinan came a shocking phone call: "I'm not running for re-election. I've been forbidden to do so by the Pope."

Drinan, 59, a Jesuit priest for 27 years, obeyed the Pope's decision without question. "I am proud and honored to be a priest and a Jesuit," he said by way of explanation. Later that day he was greeted by his staff in Washington with a large banner that read: WE TOO ARE PROUD AND HONORED. Then he quoted the Jesuit motto: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam* (for the greater glory of God). Said Grossman: "The church is his life, his heart. He never once considered defiance."

So ended the congressional career of Robert Frederick Drinan, who was dean of the Boston College Law School in 1970 when he ran for the House because of his revulsion against the Viet Nam War. He served with single-minded devotion to liberal causes. He was a leader of the successful battle to abolish the House Internal Security Committee (formerly the Un-American Activities Committee). He advocated strong support for Israel, and he was the first Congressman to introduce a resolution to impeach Richard Nixon. The citation from his 1977 honorary doctorate from Villanova University, which hangs on his office wall, reads, now with some irony: "Your life's work has proved that service to God and country are not inimical."

Drinan was one of only two Roman Catholic clergymen ever to serve as voting members of Congress. The other, liberal Democrat Robert J. Cornell, 61, a Norbertine priest from West De Pere, Wis., also dropped out of politics last week in response to the Pope's order. He had been elected to the House in 1974 and 1976, and was preparing a campaign to win his old seat back. But then the apostolic delegate in Washington, who represents the Pontiff in the U.S., informed Cornell's superior that the Wisconsin priest also was subject to the decision against Drinan.

There was confusion among Catholic leaders about the scope of the Pope's policy on priests and politics. Most of the doubt stemmed from the fact that the Pontiff's decision apparently was given orally to Pedro Arrupe, superior general of the Jesuit order; presumably only those two know exactly what John Paul II said. Jesuit headquarters in Rome communicated the decision to Drinan's superior, Edward M. O'Flaherty, Jesuit provincial in New England. O'Flaherty phoned the Congressman with this message: "Bob, I have some bad news for you. I received word from the general [Arrupe] that the Holy Father himself asked that you withdraw from this year's general election."

O'Flaherty said afterward that he tried to appeal the decision, "stressing with the Roman authorities the fact that such an order would almost certainly seem, in the eyes of many people, to be an improper intrusion by the church into American political affairs." This was reminiscent of the controversy that raged in 1960, when John F. Kennedy was running for President, about whether his loyalty to the church could conceivably conflict with his duty to the country. Priests, of course, are bound by vows of obedience to church authorities.

Jesuit Congressman in Washington

"He never once considered defiance."

Vatican sources pointed out that Article 139 of the church's canon law forbids priests to hold elective office, though the provision does allow local church authorities to make exceptions if they decide a priest's involvement in politics would be for the good of the community. The Pope formally revoked only the exemption given to Drinan in 1970. Nonetheless, the Catholic hierarchy interpreted the Pope's act as a signal that John Paul will apply Article 139 much more strictly than his predecessors did. Said a church spokesman in Washington: "It is clear that the Pope does not want Catholic priests to hold elective offices anywhere."

Some Drinan supporters in Massachusetts believed that the Pope ruled against the priest-politician primarily because of his support of federal funding of abortions for the poor. Drinan does not personally favor abortion, but argues that because the operation is legal in the U.S., it would be unjust for the Government to deny abortions to women who cannot afford to pay for them. Said David J. O'Brien, who teaches modern Catholic history at Holy Cross College: "I can't help but think that Drinan was done in by the right-to-life people."

Vatican sources emphatically denied any such motivation. The Pope's decision, they said, stemmed from his general views on the separation of church and state. John Paul has repeatedly said the church and its clergy must stay aloof from party strife. In Mexico in January 1979 he said: "The church wishes to stay free with regard to the competing [political] systems, in order to opt only for man." These views presumably reflect the fact that one reason the church in John Paul's native Poland has been able to thrive is that it has kept strictly apart from the country's Communist rulers.

Vatican prelates said that John Paul's order on Drinan does not apply to priests who have appointive positions in government. In Nicaragua, for example, seven priests hold high posts in the leftist revolutionary government. Among them are Jesuit Ernesto Cardenal, the Minister of Culture, and Maryknoll Priest Miguel D'Escoto, the Foreign Minister. In the U.S., Geno Baroni, 49, a diocesan priest, is Assistant Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

But does the Drinan decision apply to nuns, several of whom hold state elective office? The nuns point out that the church does not consider them "clergy" —they cannot say Mass, or perform any other priestly functions—and so they contend that they are not subject to the Pope's order on political involvement. Both the Vatican and the apostolic delegate in Washington say that the "spirit" of the ban against Drinan does apply to nuns. But several of the nuns say they will stay in office unless the Pope specifically orders them to quit. These nuns appreciate the irony of their position. Said Elizabeth Morancy, a member of the Sisters of Mercy and a state representative in Rhode Island: "We are excluded from the priesthood and that makes us different." Sums up Carolyn Farrell, a member of the Sisters of Charity who is mayor of Dubuque, Iowa: "Isn't it delightful?" ■

ST. PETERSBURG TIMES—AP

Summit Venture, debris strewn across its bow, lies next to a wrecked abutment

"What a Horrible Sight!"

A fogbound freighter crashes into a Florida bridge

It was rush hour on a foggy morning in Tampa Bay last week, and traffic was heavy on the 15-mile-long Sunshine Skyway, a chain of five bridges and six causeways that links St. Petersburg with Bradenton and Sarasota. Thundershowers and fierce winds lashed the bay from time to time. Suddenly, at 7:38 a.m., the *Summit Venture*, a 609-ft. Liberian-registered freighter that had been heading for Tampa to pick up a cargo of phosphate, smashed into a bridge abutment. A 1,300-ft. stretch of roadway trembled violently, then ripped away from the bridge. Steel and concrete crashed down, some of it landing on the freighter's bow. A Greyhound bus carrying 23 people plummeted 140 ft. into the water, along with three cars and a pickup truck.

Richard Hornbuckle, 60, of St. Petersburg was driving with three companions just behind the doomed vehicles. Said he: "As I came to the top of the bridge, I saw metal sticking out of the edge. I applied my brakes immediately and stopped about two feet from going in. My God, what a horrible sight!" Said Jay Hirsch, another eyewitness: "The first thing I did was look for heads bobbing in the water. There were none."

The bus sank in 20 ft. of water on top of the cars. Two tugboats were able to tow the freighter away from the bridge, but divers were hampered by squalls and by fears that a 40-ft. slab of roadway hanging precariously from the abutment might tumble in too. Nonetheless, the divers soon were able to recover 18 bodies; at least 14 more people were believed dead.

The only survivor of the fall from the bridge was the driver of the pickup truck, Wesley McIntyre, 56, of Gulfport. His truck first hit the *Summit Venture* and then bounced into the water. Recalled McIntyre of his miraculous escape: "The bridge was swaying. I could see the ship, and the end of the bridge was breaking off. I couldn't stop. I just slid, and then I hit the ship and dropped into the water. The next thing I remember I was in the water, and I managed to get the door open. I started swimming to the surface, and I finally made it." Crew members of the ship heard his cries for help and pulled him out; his only injuries were a sprained neck and a gash over his right eye.

Even as the bodies of the victims were being recovered, an investigation was beginning. Heavy fog had reduced visibility to near zero. Officials reported that the ship had apparently veered out of the channel and headed through the wrong opening between the cement abutments.

The Skyway has been the scene of three other major accidents this year. On Jan. 28 a collision between the Coast Guard cutter *Blackthorn* and a 605-ft. oil tanker killed 23 Coast Guardsmen. On Feb. 6 a boom from a Greek freighter slammed into the center supports of the bridge. Ten days later a Liberian-registered oil tanker hit an abutment. In the last two cases, damage was slight and there were no injuries. Asked in February if a future accident could conceivably cause a section of the bridge to topple, Skyway Inspector Glen Arvi replied: "Certainly. That's why we put all those lights on it, so ships won't run into it." Last week, after officials closed the remaining sections of the bridge to all traffic, the lights were still shining brightly. ■

ST. PETERSBURG TIMES—AP

A car rests on the edge of the broken span over Tampa Bay

"I applied my brakes and stopped two feet from going in."

YUGOSLAVIA

Tito's Epochal Funeral

A moving event, and then the question—who, or what, could replace him?

Hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs lined the streets and hillsides of Belgrade for a glimpse of the long cortege bearing the body of the man who had led their country for 3½ decades. Wizened veterans of his partisan campaign during World War II, wearing rows of medals, let tears stream down their faces. Middle-aged housewives who had never known any other national leader put their arms tenderly around their children's shoulders and sobbed into handkerchiefs. Groups of schoolchildren, reared on his all-embracing national legend, waved small Yugoslav flags with awe in their eyes. At the edge of the crowd, a youth knelt on an open newspaper, clasped his hands and moved his lips in silent prayer. "He was somebody very close, like in my own family," said Nikola Margis, 68, a craftsman with a white mustache, who had waited for ten hours to pay his respects at the lying-in-state. "For 35 years we lived together, and we had only good things from him."

Widow Jovanka laying wreath, and portrait of Tito in store window

The state funeral for Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito last week was the most emotional that Europe had experienced in a decade, unrivaled since the memorial Mass for Charles de Gaulle at Paris' Notre Dame Cathedral in 1970. In attendance was a comparably vast assemblage of statesmen and royalty. It was a reflection of Tito's unique global role that his funeral attracted leaders from both East and West blocs, and from the Third World, in almost equal numbers. Official mourners came from 123 countries: four Kings, 32 Presidents and other heads of state, 22 Prime Ministers, more than 100 secretaries or representatives of Communist or workers parties. Tanjug, the official Yugoslav news agency, summed it up simply: "The summit of mankind."

Conspicuously absent from this summit was Jimmy Carter. In a decision that appalled many Western allies and annoyed some Yugoslavs, the President stayed home and instead sent a delegation headed by Vice President Walter Mondale. The official U.S. mourning party of 25 included Treasury Secretary G. William Miller and the President's mother Lillian, as well as low-level politicians from Mondale's home state of Minnesota. "I don't think we have anything to apologize for," said a ranking U.S. diplomat defensively, adding that "Mondale is a major figure."

The lowly and the mighty watched solemnly as eight military officers in braided dress uniforms appeared at the door of the Federal Assembly Building adjoining Marx and Engels Square carrying Tito's pale oak coffin. As distant cannons boomed out 21-salvo salutes, the casket was placed on an open gun car-

A solemn moment of silent tribute: Yugoslav officials stand at attention alongside flower-bedecked casket of their dead leader

riage and covered with the blue, white and red Yugoslav flag. A military band struck up a funeral dirge. Yugoslav air force jets screeched overhead, and a jeep drew the carriage slowly along six-lane Kneza Miloša. Behind the casket, sobbing and dressed in black, was Tito's third wife, Jovanka, 56, who had dropped from public view three years ago amid rumors of a falling-out with the President. Next to her were Tito's two sons by two previous marriages, Žarko, 56, and Mišo, 39.

Two hours and 2½ miles later, the cortege reached the grounds of Tito's principal residence at 15 Užička Street, in the hilltop suburb of Dedinje overlooking the capital. He had asked to be buried there. To the strains of the *Internationale*, the coffin was placed above ground in a white marble vault bearing a stark inscription in raised gold letters: JOSIP BROZ TITO, 1892-1980. He had died just three days before his 88th birthday.

The two little-known men who automatically succeeded Tito in his two national posts—Communist Party Chairman Stevan Doronjski, 60, and State President Lazar Koliševski, 66—eulogized their predecessor profusely. Said Koliševski at graveside: "You have left in your wake one of the deepest traces that a man can imprint upon history." Doronjski praised Tito's dramatic break with the Soviet Union in 1948 as "one of the turning points in the history of our movement," which ever since, he said, has resisted "tying itself to any power bloc."

Listening impassively nearby was Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, who commanded most attention among the visiting dignitaries. In a surprise move, Brezhnev decided to attend the funeral at the head of a phalanx of East European delegations. For the Soviets, Tito suddenly appeared to have attained a saintliness he had never enjoyed when alive.

Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko and Brezhnev, after laying wreath near the coffin

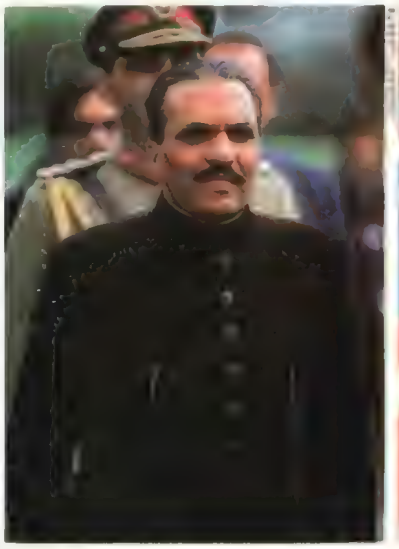
Moscow wasted no time in trying to get on the good side of the new government

Moscow had wasted no time in trying to get on the good side of the post-Tito government. On the eve of the funeral, Brezhnev and his Kremlin party sat down with Doronjski and Koliševski for what Tass, the Soviet news agency, called a "warm, comradely" meeting. China, which under Mao Tse-tung had long condemned Tito's "revisionism," similarly acted almost as though it had never differed with him. The first major head of government to arrive in Belgrade was Chairman Hua Guofeng, who grandly praised Tito for "great contributions to the proletarian revolution." At the gravesite, Hua and Brezhnev glanced fleetingly at each other, but never spoke.

When the rites were over, the inevitable question lingered: After Tito, what? For months, Western leaders had barely disguised their apprehension that possible instability following Tito's death could inspire the Soviets to try to regain control over a onetime satellite that had escaped Moscow's orbit. But on the surface, at least, calm and order prevailed.

Even as he lay dying, the cumbersome machinery of succession he had devised to provide an orderly transition of power went into effect. Koliševski, a Macedonian and longtime Tito loyalist, chaired Cabinet and other government meetings. Koliševski was acting as one of the first beneficiaries of the "collective leadership" plan incorporated into Yugoslavia's 1974 constitution. This plan established a state presidency of eight regional and presumably equal members, who are supposed to rotate as chairmen each year. Tito also set up a companion 24-member system for the party Presidium, the highest body of the Yugoslav League of Communists. Its chairmanship is currently occupied by Doronjski, a Serb from Vojvodina province, whose term runs until October.

Koliševski is due to leave the state presidency on May 16. He should be suc-



Leaders at Belgrade: Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq, China's Party Chairman Hua Guofeng, Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher

ceeded by another little-known figure, Bosnian Representative Cvijetin Mijatović, 67, a conservative party functionary who earned Tito's trust as Ambassador to Moscow from 1961 to 1965. In Belgrade, however, there was speculation that either Koliševski's term might be extended to provide an additional period of continuity, or else the rotation order might be changed to allow the election of the collective presidency's best-known public figure Vladimir Bakarić, 68. He is the last of Tito's close wartime comrades still in power, currently heading the Federal Council for the Defense of the Constitution, the important agency that oversees the internal security apparatus. Promoting Bakarić out of turn might provide the country with a respected transitional leader. It would also imply that the Yugoslavs have less than full confidence in the main principle of the collective leadership—namely, that no one man can succeed Tito.

In a recent speech, Presidium Secretary Dušan Dragosavac warned against any machinations by aspiring *Titici*—Serbian for Little Titos. Nevertheless, a power struggle is expected to develop eventually among an inner circle of top party leaders. Among them:

General Nikola Ljubičić, 64, a short, powerfully built Serb, was also a wartime comrade of Tito's. The senior member of the Cabinet, he has served as Defense Minister since 1967.

President Koliševski and Party Chairman Doronjski at memorial service

There were warnings against any machinations by aspiring Titici.

Stane Dolanc, 54, a tough, widely traveled Central Committee member from Slovenia who is considered by some to be the party's ablest and most ambitious behind-the-scenes politician.

Miloš Minić, 65, a Serb who, as Foreign Minister from 1972 to 1979, was responsible for policy toward the Soviet Union and became the party's chief foreign policy strategist.

Whatever their personal rivalries, the country's new leaders are not expected to clash over ideology or basic policy. They are all Tito loyalists, committed to his basic principles: a federal political system for maintaining Yugoslavia's national unity, the unique system of worker self-management of factories that characterizes the country's maverick brand of Marxism, and strict nonalignment between East and West. Says one French diplomat: "The country's leadership and people will unite at the slightest hint of Soviet menace."

Most experts dismiss the possibility

The Invisible Man

With the exception of the deceased, the most talked about man at Tito's funeral last week was Jimmy Carter. The reason: perplexity over Carter's decision to pass up an extraordinary international gathering and a chance to underscore personally the U.S. commitment to Yugoslavia's continuing independence. Neither the Administration's expressions of sympathy and support for the country's new leaders nor the presence of the U.S. delegation headed by Vice President Walter Mondale could erase the widespread feeling that Carter had committed yet another foreign policy blunder.

Officials in Belgrade diplomatically declared that "we don't measure the feelings of the government by the level of the delegation." But the Yugoslavs' chagrin was expressed privately in many quarters. Reflecting the sharp reactions of the European allies, a Bonn Chancellery official said: "Carter is conspicuous by his absence. Once again he has been outmaneuvered, and took bad advice." The most scathing comment was made by the London *Times*, which editorially declared "that the United States is being led by a man who is not just muddled, but is in some way blind to whole areas of reality."

Not everyone in the Administration failed to see the importance of the event. U.S. Ambassador Lawrence Eagleburger and other State Department officials in Belgrade strongly urged Carter to go. But he had virtually made up his mind weeks ago. The key aides involved in the decision were not foreign policy experts but two domestic political advisers, White House Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan and Press Secretary Jody Powell.

Their rationale: Carter's presence among so many world leaders would not make that great an impact; domestic problems were too pressing to justify a trip to a ceremonial affair; the Yugoslav leaders would be too distracted to engage in significant talks; moreover, it would not look good to American voters for the President to be flying overseas when he has barely begun to travel at home for the first time in six months. When Moscow announced at the last minute that Leonid Brezhnev would attend, it was too late for Carter to change course without looking even more indecisive.

FISHMAN—CONTACT

Mrs. Carter and Vice President Mondale

None of the arguments was very convincing. Other world leaders used the occasion to make useful contacts with their peers; Britain's Margaret Thatcher, who also faces severe domestic problems on the economic front, found the time to spend 24 hours in Belgrade; Yugoslavia's new leaders would have welcomed the chance to meet the American President; and many U.S. voters would undoubtedly have recognized that Carter had valid reasons of state for taking the trip.

Seemingly unprepared for the wave of criticism, White House officials insisted that Carter's absence was neither intended as a snub nor taken as such by Belgrade. Ambassador Eagleburger told reporters in Belgrade: "You are wrong if you presume that the embassy knows that there is great unhappiness with the [attendance of the] Vice President instead of the President." If the embassy did not know it, the White House apparently learned enough to consider adding a Belgrade stopover to Carter's scheduled trip to Italy next month.

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that the Soviets, especially since Afghanistan, would be so imprudent as to undertake any direct invasion of Yugoslavia. An invading force from the Soviet Union, which would require 35 or more divisions, totaling more than 300,000 men, would have to take on a large-scale fight not only against the well-equipped 259,000-man Yugoslav army but also against the 3 million-member partisan militia. In addition, there would be the risk of causing a confrontation with the Western allies.

The serious threat to Yugoslavia is likely to be more internal than external. The country is a patchwork of six nationalistic republics—plus two so-called autonomous provinces—that have their own languages, religions and cultures. The Soviets might try to exploit the traditional hostility between the Serbs and the Croats; together they constitute more than 60% of Yugoslavia's 22 million people. Another potential trouble spot is the southern province of Kosovo, the country's poorest region, where friction is developing between Serbs and the rapidly exploding ethnic Albanian population. Two months ago, 50 ethnic Albanians in Kosovo were charged with fomenting political unrest. This could conceivably serve as a Soviet pretext for stirring up trouble in Yugoslavia, as could the thinly disguised Bulgarian claims on Macedonia, the country's southernmost republic.

The country's uneven economy could work either for or against stability. On the one hand, the industrial and urban transformations wrought by Tito have had a cohesive influence. "People have been concentrating on a better standard of living instead of hating their neighbors," says a Western diplomat in Belgrade. But a severe economic downturn could aggravate the glaring inequities, and consequent animosities, between the developed northern republics like Slovenia and hinterlands like Kosovo. Lately the economy has been ailing. Unemployment, estimated at more than 13%, is growing. The current annual inflation rate is estimated at 35%, compared with 14% in 1978. Productivity has slowed, and workers, under the self-management system, have voted themselves inflationary wage increases. Worst of all, the country's trade deficit has ballooned in a year by more than 40%, to $6.4 billion, caused mostly by oil and consumer goods imports.

But in the end it will be up to the Yugoslav leaders to secure the country's future. They have all the effective levers of power in their hands, including the apparent loyalty of the army. They appear to have taken every conceivable precaution against subversion. One haunting question remains: Who or what could replace Tito's towering personality? The answer to that question will determine not only the future of Yugoslavia, but possibly the shape of Europe for years to come. ■

MIDDLE EAST

"Elevator Diplomacy" Stalls

Sadat halts autonomy talks as the violence grows

After yet another round of negotiations on Palestinian autonomy in the Tel Aviv suburb of Herzlia, U.S. Special Middle East Ambassador Sol Linowitz flew to Cairo late last week to commiserate with Anwar Sadat. The Egyptian President greeted his "good friend Sol" in an uncharacteristically morose mood. Later that evening came the reason, and the shocker: Sadat requested an indefinite postponement of the talks, which were supposed to produce an autonomy agreement by May 26.

After exhibiting patient optimism over the past three months, when the talks have seemed hopelessly stalled, why had Sadat now decided to stop them? One theory was that he did so as a way of putting pressure on the Israelis to make a gesture of good faith that would get the negotiations moving again. In Cairo, there was speculation that Sadat might have some kind of dramatic initiative in mind. Sadat has repeatedly declared that "a new situation will arise" unless meaningful progress is achieved by the target date. Some Egyptian officials believe the only way to salvage the negotiations is for President Carter to call Begin and Sadat to another Camp David summit.

The latest series of ministerial-level talks had been kept alive only through a frantic bit of "elevator diplomacy" by the tenacious Linowitz, who shuttled between the Egyptian delegation on the fourth floor of the Dan Accadia Hotel in Herzlia and the Israeli delegation on the second floor. But it was not enough. The talks came close to collapse last week over one of five key issues on which Egyptian and Israeli views diverge: security in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip.* Egypt has proposed a formula providing for security matters to be shared by the proposed Palestinian council, Israeli authorities and Jordanian patrols. The Israelis insist that they must maintain full military supervision over all security questions.

Nothing better illustrates the difficulties of the security issue than the spiral of violence and counterviolence that has whiplashed the West Bank in recent weeks. A day after a Palestinian youth was shot and killed in a schoolyard scuffle with Israeli soldiers, Arab terrorists two weeks ago opened fire on a group of Jewish settlers returning from evening prayers in the city of Hebron, killing six and wounding 16. In retaliation, Israeli commandos last week staged two coastal raids into southern Lebanon. They ambushed a Jeep carrying four commandos of the Palestine Liberation Organization and killed four civilians in another car near a Palestinian refugee camp.

U.S. Envoy Linowitz (right) with Egypt's Mustafa Khalil (left) and Israel's Yosef Burg

A frantic sound of talks, then a sudden and still unexplained halt.

Immediately after the Hebron attack, a round-the-clock curfew was imposed on the city's 50,000 Palestinian residents. The mayor of Hebron, Fahd Qawasmi, the mayor of nearby Halhul, Mohammed Milhem, and the Muslim religious judge of the Hebron area, Sheik Rajab Bayud Tamimi, were blindfolded and put aboard an Israeli helicopter, which deported them to southern Lebanon.

The military curfew did not include the 4,000 Jewish settlers of Qiryat Arba, on the outskirts of Hebron. Following the

*The other issues: Jewish settlements in the occupied territories, control of water resources, powers to be exercised by a Palestinian autonomous council, the role of East Jerusalem Arabs in an autonomy plan.

funeral of one of the attack victims, gangs of Jewish settlers, many carrying automatic weapons, rampaged through Hebron, firing into the air, smashing windows in homes and cars owned by Arabs, and attempting to break into stores. Israeli soldiers on the scene made only intermittent attempts to curb the violence.

The mayors of Ramallah and Nablus were also threatened by the Israelis with expulsion from the West Bank if they talked to each other or to the press. Israeli officials said the mayors would be held responsible for any unrest in their towns. Censorship was imposed on East Jerusalem's Arabic newspapers, which are circulated throughout the West Bank.

Even some Israelis blamed the Begin government's settlements policy for igniting the troubles. Earlier this year, Begin's Cabinet approved the construction of Jewish settlements in major Arab urban centers such as Hebron. For more than a year, squatters from Qiryat Arba have illegally occupied the former Hadassah clinic in Hebron, where the attack took place. Israel's former Army Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev, who is now secretary-general of the opposition Labor Party, argued in the Knesset last week that the Hebron attack would never have occurred if Begin's government had removed the Hadassah-clinic squatters as he had promised. Former Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, in a television interview, charged that "some of the activities of the new settlers" had played a major role in the West Bank disturbances.

Meanwhile, at P.L.O. headquarters in Beirut, patience was running short. The P.L.O., which took credit for it, served notice that the Hebron attack was just the beginning—a bellicose attitude that could do nothing but make the situation worse. From now on, said P.L.O. leaders, priority will be given to armed struggle against Israel within the occupied territories rather than diplomatic activity. The shift, the P.L.O. suggested, was because of apparent erosion of U.S. support for a solution to the Palestinian problem and P.L.O. disappointment that Western Europe has yet to follow through effectively on its initiative to recognize Palestinian rights.

TIME has learned from Arab sources that Jordan has agreed to permit P.L.O. commandos to cross its borders into the West Bank and has formed a special Jordanian command organization to supervise the Palestinians while their commandos move through Jordan. This means Jordan would permit P.L.O. guerrilla operations—provided that Amman is notified in advance and that the attacks are mounted inside the West Bank. Such a Jordanian decision would reflect both King Hussein's dismay over the state of U.S.-Jordanian relations, which he said last month were the poorest since he assumed the throne 27 years ago, and his conviction that the autonomy negotiations are at a dead end. ■

DIPLOMACY

Holdout in a People's Bureau

Intimidating "students" and worries about death squads

Another embassy went under siege last week. This time the site was Washington, D.C., and it was Americans, for a change, who were laying the siege. At the Libyan embassy in the nation's capital, four diplomats had rejected a State Department ultimatum to quit the country after they were officially declared "unacceptable."

The four, who range in age from 29 to 37, were accused of harassing other Libyans in the U.S. with threats of physical harm and even death unless they returned home. "We asked them to leave because they were engaged in contemptible and wholly unacceptable activities," said a State Department spokesman. The Libyans responded by insisting that they were students rather than diplomats, and holed up inside the five-story, red-brick embassy, which they refer to as a People's Bureau. Eight carloads of police and FBI agents took up positions around the building, waiting to seize the aging "students" if they set foot outside. The standoff abruptly ended when the Libyan government announced that it had agreed to recall its four nationals. At a press conference, the pseudo diplomats denied the charges against them and expressed regret at having to leave the U.S. Said one: "We wanted to finish our studies."

Libya's President Muammar Gaddafi
Resentment of his mercurial rule.

Still skeptical, the State Department believes the four agents were linked to a larger network of Libyan terrorists who are plotting to eliminate opponents of Libya's strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. Within Libya this year, up to 2,000 people have been arrested for alleged disloyalty to Gaddafi. The mercurial colonel's latest project is building a $3 billion protective wall along 187 miles of Libya's border with Egypt. Gaddafi, whose erratic rule seems to be widely resented by his fellow citizens, has warned Libyan dissidents abroad that they are "doomed" unless they return home by June 11 to face his justice.

Gaddafi's threat has given rise to fears that Libyan death squads may be operating overseas. Four anti-Gaddafi Libyans were murdered in Rome and London earlier this year; suspects arrested for the crimes are all fervent supporters of the colonel. At week's end a fifth Libyan dissident was assassinated when a gunman got his victim to accompany him to a Rome café, then pumped two bullets into his head. Italian police arrested a Libyan citizen who reportedly confessed to the murder, saying that the dissident was an "enemy of the Libyan people and of Gaddafi, which are one and the same." Though no assassinations have taken place in the U.S., when American intelligence agents began monitoring activities of the four embassy employees two months ago, they uncovered evidence of intimidating letters and calls made to other Libyans around the U.S. Said an officer at State: "We had reason to believe they would put their warnings into effect."

In London, some members of Parliament have called on the Thatcher government to close down the Libyan embassy for harboring what one M.P. calls "a gang of thugs." The U.S. has no plans to shut down Libya's embassy in Washington, though diplomatic relations between the two countries are severely strained. The Carter Administration drastically reduced the staff of the American mission in Tripoli after it was set on fire by Libyan militants in December; the last two resident diplomats were recalled two weeks ago.

Even though the embassy siege ended peacefully, U.S. officials remain concerned that Gaddafi may be plotting some kind of revenge for the humiliation of the "students" that might include the arrest of some of the 2,000 American civilians working in Libya, most of them for oil companies. The colonel also holds another trump card for a future power play: he has threatened to cut off petroleum exports to the U.S., which depends on Libya for 3.5% of its oil. ■

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BRITAIN

A Daring Rescue at Princes Gate

How commandos ended the siege at the Iranian embassy

Commando about to enter Iranian embassy

It was a stunning success, a national triumph. In an explosion of flames and gunfire, British commandos stormed the Iranian embassy in London last week, rescuing 19 people who had been held hostage for almost six grueling days. In a skillfully executed operation that lasted barely a quarter of an hour, members of Britain's elite Special Air Service Regiment killed five of the six Iranian Arab terrorists who had been holding the embassy. Taken by surprise, the gunmen had time to kill only one of their captives, although they had murdered another shortly before the operation began.

Millions had watched the commando operation on television, and when it was over, all Britain was in a mood to celebrate. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher hailed it as "a brilliant operation, carried out with courage and confidence," which made her countrymen "proud to be British."

For the most part, Britons refrained from drawing parallels between the success of the S.A.S. assault and the failure of the American attempt to rescue the U.S. embassy hostages in Iran, but the point was inescapable. Newspaper editorials, though glowing with patriotic fervor, noted the vast logistical differences between the two operations. As the London *Sun* put it in a headline: O.K., SO WE WON, BUT LET'S NOT MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE ABOUT IT.

The assault was indeed a measure of last resort, undertaken after attempts to negotiate the release of the hostages had failed repeatedly. The gunmen who had seized the embassy at Princes Gate, in the fashionable Kensington district of London, were bitterly opposed to the regime of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini in Tehran. They had demanded the release of 91 Iranian Arab political prisoners who were being held in Iran, as well as some form of autonomy for the largely Arabic-speaking province of Khuzistan. During the early days of the embassy siege, the terrorists treated their prisoners reasonably well and released five of them, mainly for medical reasons. Said one of the British hostages, Embassy Employee Ronald Morris, 47: "We were on first-name terms, swapping cigarettes and even joking in moments when the tension eased."

But on Sunday, the gunmen began to taunt their Iranian hostages by scrawling slogans on the embassy walls: DEATH TO KHOMEINI and DOWN WITH THE NEW SHAH. This particularly enraged the embassy's assistant press attaché, Abbas Lavasani, 29, who argued with his captors and defended Khomeini's Islamic revolution. At one point, one of the gunmen was ready to shoot Lavasani but was dissuaded by another hostage, British Police Constable Trevor Lock, 41, who had been overpowered at the embassy entrance on the first day.

Lock had played a moderating influence from the beginning, telling his captors: "Look, if you start shooting people, if you kill even one of us, you know you will have no chance after that, don't you?" Lock wore his policeman's tunic throughout the siege, and even put on his hat when he spoke to his superiors through the embassy windows. The reason for Lock's formality: his .38-cal. revolver was hidden beneath the tunic. Lock told the other two British captives about the gun, but felt that if he tried to use it, he could not hope to shoot more than two of the gunmen before they got him, and the action would endanger the lives of all the hostages.

Monday the mood of the terrorists changed sharply for the worse. They announced that they would kill one hostage every 45 minutes until their demands had been met. Having successfully dramatized their cause to the world, they now seemed mainly intent on securing safe conduct for themselves to a friendly country—a concession that the British government had decided not to grant them under any circumstances.

The government was determined. Home Secretary William Whitelaw said later, not to allow "terrorist blackmail to succeed." Whitelaw, who served as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland in the early 1970s, was in charge of the government's handling of the crisis from the beginning.

Shortly before 7 p.m., the terrorists pushed the body of a dead hostage out the door of the embassy. It was Lavasani; he had volunteered to be the first victim. By murdering a hostage, the terrorists apparently thought they could force the British government to meet their safe

Flames and smoke erupt from embassy after S.A.S. troops fire grenades into the building

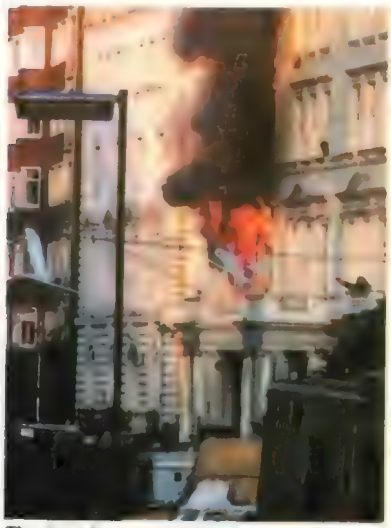
Hostage Harris (left) makes his escape

conduct demand. Instead, at Whitelaw's command, the killing triggered "Operation Nimrod," for which the S.A.S. force had been preparing for several days. Within 30 minutes, some 20 S.A.S. commandos, clad in black and wearing hoods, gas masks and armored vests, attacked the embassy from the roof and from adjoining town houses. They carried submachine guns, pistols and stun grenades, whose "thunderflash" blinds and deafens its victims for several seconds. Some slithered down ropes from the roof and threw grenades through the back windows. Then they leaped in after the explosions; others made a similar assault from the front balcony.

The explosion that blew out the front windows of the embassy was apparently caused by one or more stun grenades, thrown by a commando. The interior of the embassy was quickly reduced to near rubble as it caught on fire from the explosions. According to some reports, S.A.S. men also broke through a brick wall from an adjoining building when the assault began.

Inside the embassy, meanwhile, Hostage Morris said later, "there was smoke, screaming, explosions and gunfire." Bursting into the room where most of the male hostages were kept, the gunmen opened fire on their Iranian prisoners, killing one of them and wounding two others, including Chargé d'Affaires Gholam Ali Afrouz. Given the amount of terrorist fire occurring at that moment, said Morris, it was a miracle that only one man was killed. When one gunman took careful aim at an S.A.S. commando entering through a window, Constable Lock tackled the terrorist, and the commando shot the gunman dead.

Continued Morris: "I put up my hands and shouted, 'I'm British, I'm British!' I was grabbed by an S.A.S. man, who hurled me through the door. Had he arrived literally two seconds later, I would not be here to tell this story."



The siege is over, but the embassy still burns

Britain's S.A.S.: "Who Dares Wins"

Tucked away in a Hereford hamlet on England's border with Wales is the supersecret headquarters of the 22nd regiment of the Special Air Service (S.A.S.)—demonstrably the world's toughest antiterrorist commando unit. The S.A.S.'s training grounds were the site of a party last week as the 900-man regiment celebrated the successful assault on the Iranian embassy in London. Guests of honor were the members of the task force, who in S.A.S. parlance had "beaten the clock" while carrying out the mission. Translation: the men had missed having their names inscribed on the clock-tower memorial at headquarters, the S.A.S.'s tribute to its fallen heroes. Alive or dead, commandos of this elite unit of the British army remain unknown to the world at large. Even when the heroes of the Princes Gate rescue raid are decorated for their feat, the ceremony will be kept secret.

Attack from the rear

Shadowy, mysterious, masked when they attack to hide any possibility of identification, trained both to rescue and to kill, S.A.S. members have thrived on the unit's mystique ever since it was founded in the Libyan desert in 1942. The goal then was to penetrate and operate behind enemy lines in North Africa. Moving swiftly and with seemingly phantom-like invisibility, the S.A.S. destroyed hundreds of Nazi planes on their own airstrips, freed countless Allied prisoners and blew up scores of Axis ammunition dumps. The commandos were also sent on missions to assassinate leading Axis generals. One of the unit's few known failures involved an attempt to kidnap Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the top German commander in Africa. The Germans soon came to fear the S.A.S. men sporting berets decorated with a winged dagger and the motto WHO DARES WINS.

Disbanded after World War II, the S.A.S. was revived in 1952 to fight Communist insurgents in Malaya. In Oman, the unit helped the Sultan repulse Saudi-backed rebels and Marxist insurgents. Gradually, the S.A.S. has focused on combatting terrorism. In Northern Ireland, where S.A.S. men have been posted since 1976, the unit is credited with halving the rate at which British servicemen were murdered by I.R.A. gunmen. One reason for the S.A.S.'s success has been its fearsome psychological impact on terrorists in South Armagh. So great is the S.A.S. reputation that European governments have often called upon its antiterrorist squads for help. During the 1977 hijacking of a Lufthansa 707 to Mogadishu, for example, the S.A.S. sent two men to advise West German commandos in their successful storming of the aircraft.

Training of S.A.S. recruits—all volunteers from other British army regiments—is exceedingly rigorous. The initial four-week selection course has a 90% failure rate. For starters, recruits are sent crawling through noxious sheep-dips and marching over mountainous terrain in Wales carrying 55-lb. backpacks on a 37½-mile, 20-hr. trek. In one ten-day exercise, half-naked recruits are set down at the mouth of a Welsh valley, harried by deafening sirens and an infantry force firing real bullets. Those who pass these tests are then taught such skills as demolition, lock picking, sabotage, unarmed combat, mountaineering, skiing, underwater diving, field communication and parachute jumping. Constant practice in rescuing hostages in simulated situations on trains, aircraft and from buildings has taught S.A.S. experts split-second timing. In preparation for the Princes Gate assault, the S.A.S. built a scale model of the Iranian embassy and practiced liberating it before attempting the difficult operation.

An honorary member of the regiment is Colonel Charlie Beckwith of the U.S. Special Forces, who led the ill-fated attempt to rescue the American hostages in Tehran. Beckwith was dispatched for training to S.A.S. headquarters in Hereford in 1962, before embarking on a tour of duty in Viet Nam. After the war, he drew on the skills and methods he had learned from the S.A.S. when forming his own commando team of "Charlie's Angels." "Charlie was the best that any army could produce," says an S.A.S. officer. "The difference is that we were operating in our own backyard. He was operating over thousands of miles. Lady Luck was with us, she let him down."

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As flames broke out, Hostage Simeon Harris, 33, a British Broadcasting Corp. technician, ran onto the front balcony and waved, but a commando outside the window shouted to him, "Get down, get down!" When Harris replied, "I'm going to burn to death," another commando ordered, "Come here, come here," and helped the technician to the adjoining town house. Said Harris, who re-entered the embassy through another room: "They didn't lead us out, they threw us out, tossing us from one commando to another in a chain." The S.A.S. also took the precaution of tying the hostages' hands while checking their identities. Four of the terrorists were killed in the attack, and a fifth died on the way to the nearest hospital. The sixth, a Khuzistan dockworker named Fowzi Badavi Nejad, 23, tried to hide among the hostages but was quickly identified and taken into custody. The next day he was charged with taking part in the shooting of Lavasani and another Iranian hostage whose body was later found in the wreckage of the embassy.

Speaking to a jubilant House of Commons, Mrs. Thatcher expressed the hope that "the way this operation was carried out will have an effect on the future position of American hostages in Iran." She noted pointedly, in reply to a message from Iranian President Abolhassan Banisadr, that it was the responsibility of "each and every government to look after the safety of diplomats on their territory."

As expected, the authorities in Tehran remained unmoved. Khomeini, who had previously blamed the London embassy seizure on the CIA, said nothing at all. Banisadr, who had been willing to accept "the martyrdom of our children in England," now declared merely that "the brave resistance of our children" had brought "its sweet fruit." Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh insisted, as before, that the London incident was a "terrorist act," while the seizure of the American embassy in Tehran was "a legitimate outcry against 25 years of oppression." Even more bluntly, one of the Revolutionary Council's leading zealots, Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, told a journalist who asked if the London incident could lead to a settlement of the Tehran crisis: "If you think that, it is your first mistake."

Thus the plight of the American hostages, who have now been moved from the Tehran embassy to some twelve locations throughout Iran, remained the same. In a flurry of witch hunting last week, the Tehran authorities interrogated several Western journalists and detained an American freelance writer, Cynthia Dwyer of Buffalo, as a "CIA spy." As for the hostages, their fate will be settled by the newly elected parliament, due to meet sometime in June, in the Iranians' own sweet time. ■

SWEDEN

Damaging a Long-Standing Image

Labor strife disrupts a "model" welfare state

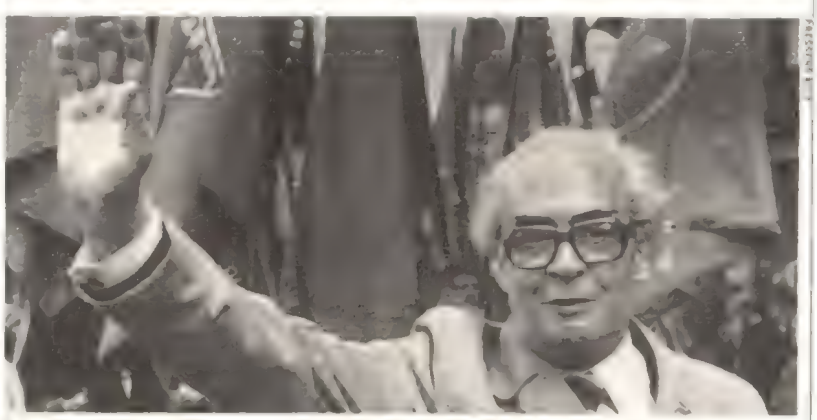
Before he could fly to Yugoslavia to attend Tito's funeral, King Carl XVI Gustaf needed special dispensation from striking air-traffic controllers at Stockholm's Arlanda Airport. That was one ironic consequence of the most disastrous union *vs.* management quarrel in Sweden's history. Nearly a million people—a quarter of the work force—had stayed off their jobs in the third consecutive week of labor disruptions. Some were on strike, others had been locked out. As the country faced economic paralysis, airports and most urban public transportation shut down. Only one major port, Hälsingborg, remained open to receive freighters. Responding to a growing fuel shortage, panicky Swedes were filling up their tanks at gas stations. They also began raiding the shelves of state-owned liquor stores after the announcement of a brewery lockout. Such staples as bread, milk and toilet paper were either rationed or unavailable.

The basic cause of conflict is a wage dispute involving the Swedish Confederation of Trade Unions (L.O.), which represents 2 million workers, and the Swedish Employers Confederation (S.A.F.), bargaining agent for 36,000 companies. L.O. is seeking pay hikes averaging 11.3%. S.A.F. has offered only 2.3%. After L.O. mounted a month-long ban on overtime work to pressure employers, S.A.F. responded by locking out 770,000 unionized workers. Meanwhile, after separate public-sector wage negotiations broke down, four other unions mounted "point strikes" of key government-paid employees, which crippled air and ground transport, curtailed hospital services and closed down the state-run television network. Last week the L.O. pulled out truck drivers who deliver 80% of the country's gasoline and heating oil.

The Swedish economy stands to lose an estimated $500 million every week the strikes continue, but even more profound damage has been done to the country's image as a model welfare state. With cradle-to-grave benefits supplementing average incomes of $10,000 and only about 2% unemployment, Sweden's laborers have long been the envy of the industrial world. Strikes were rare, thanks largely to a 1938 pact between labor and management that made negotiations in all labor disputes obligatory without government intervention. Another factor in maintaining industrial peace was the cozy relationship between labor and the Social Democratic government that ruled Sweden from 1932 to 1976.

Along with creating one of the world's highest living standards, however, the Social Democrats fostered the world's highest labor costs, which have eliminated Sweden's competitive edge in such export markets as mining and shipbuilding. The unions simply do not trust the nonsocialist coalition now led by Prime Minister Thorbjörn Fälldin. Many Swedes believe that L.O. has sanctioned the current strikes primarily to bring down Fälldin's government, thereby paving the way for a return to power of his Social Democratic predecessor, Olof Palme.

Fälldin has rejected appeals from Social Democrats and industry leaders to intervene, although the government has offered the unions a package of price freezes and tax cuts that, when added to S.A.F.'s proposal, would approximate labor's demand. Gunnar Nilsson, head of L.O., has rejected that approach. Many Swedes fear that the government's hands-off policy spells economic doom. But at week's end strike-bound Swedes were heartened by news that mediators had proposed pay boosts ranging from 6.8% to 7.3%. With that offer, an end to Sweden's costliest quarrel could finally be at hand. ■



Labor Leader Gunnar Nilsson marching in Stockholm May Day demonstration

Along with the high standard of living came the world's highest labor costs.

In TV re-creation, bodies of Mashall (right) and her lover are hauled from killing ground

Death Drama Stirs a Royal Row

Saudis cry foul over a "false" film about a doomed princess

Never had a Public Broadcasting show appeared with such impassioned advance notices. Even before it was aired this week, *Death of a Princess*, a British-American two-hour "dramatized documentary" dealing with the 1977 executions of a married 19-year-old Saudi princess and her young lover, prompted angry blasts from top Congressmen and some of PBS's biggest corporate backers, as well as much top-level squirming in the State Department. The cause: a sharply negative review from the Saudi Arabian government, which protested that the show presented a "completely false" picture of the desert kingdom and warned that it could "undermine the internationally significant relations" between the U.S. and its largest oil supplier.

The Saudis had reason to feel wronged. Like so-called faction literature, the TV hybrid known as documentary drama typically consists of real-life events embedded in a marzipan of speculation and romance. In *Princess*, co-produced by Britain's independent Association Television network and WGBH, the PBS station in Boston, the marzipan is the message. South African–born Director Antony Thomas set out to film a straight drama on the life and death of Princess Mashall, a lively young grandniece of Saudi Arabia's King Khalid. Mashall, whose arranged marriage soured, supposedly went to study at a Beirut university and there, by one account, acquired her lover, a Saudi commoner; the two were publicly executed in Jeddah (she was shot, he beheaded) for their all-too-public transgressions after they were caught trying to flee Saudi Arabia. But when Thomas found it difficult to pin down facts about the princess, he decided to use her in his film as "a symbol, an excuse to probe into the private center of the Arab world."

The result is a sometimes tedious, fitfully organized *Rashomon*-style film that intersperses scenes purporting to show how the princess lived with what are presented as interviews with people who knew her and her world. In fact, all the characters in the film, which was shot mainly in Egypt, are actors. What they say about the princess and the indolent ways of Saudi royals is distilled from what Thomas claims to be 300 hours of conversation with well-placed Arabs and other sources (though he spent only two weeks in Saudi Arabia itself). What irritates the Saudis, besides the film's presentation of many surmised events as social and historical fact, is the way it depicts the Saudi royal women.

As *Princess* would have it, the titled women of Araby are giggly nitwits whose chief interests are TV, pop music and illicit sex. In one episode, an actress playing a Saudi boutique owner confides that many smart Saudi women come to such shops for assignations. In one lurid segment, royal ladies are shown cruising a desert lovers' lane in chauffeur-driven limousines in search of casual amours. In fact, people familiar with Saudi Arabia assert that there are no such pick-up strips outside Jeddah or Riyadh, and that the whole picture of royal carnality in the film is a gross distortion. Reports TIME's Beirut bureau chief William Stewart: "In Saudi Arabia, of all places, such a scene is unimaginable. By and large, the Saudi rulers are staunch Wahhabis, a sect within Islam roughly akin to the Puritans. No doubt the thought of sexual dalliance must occur to some princesses (there are a lot of them), but that does not make Jeddah or Riyadh an Arabian Nights version of *La Dolce Vita*."

After *Princess* was shown in Britain last month, the Saudis demanded the recall of the British ambassador and threatened a review of the two nations' economic relations: no small matter, since the British sell nearly $2 billion worth of goods annually to the Saudis and rely on them for about 10% of their oil. To avert a similar predicament in Sweden, a private firm bought rights to the film, then promptly shelved it to "protect Swedish business interests."

As the U.S. broadcast date, May 12, approached, PBS came under public relations pressure to do the same, although much of the pleading seemed pro forma, recognizing that the First Amendment would make any real effort to censor the program not only impossible but counterproductive—a fact of life about U.S. freedom of expression that even the Saudis acknowledged. Exxon, which spends $5 million a year on public TV and is also one of the four U.S. partners in the Arabian American Oil Co., issued a statement that it would be "extremely unfortunate" if the show were to hurt U.S.-Saudi relations, but insisted it would not try to inhibit its being shown by threatening to cut off its PBS spending. Mobil, another PBS angel and Aramco partner, ran an ad on the New York *Times's* Op-Ed page denouncing the film as "a fairy tale" and urging PBS management to "review its decision" to run the film "in the light of what is in the best interests of the U.S." But again, there was no economic arm twisting.

In Washington, Saudi Ambassador Faisal Alhegelan sent a letter to Acting Secretary of State Warren Christopher expressing "concern" about "many inaccuracies, distortions and falsehoods" in the film, which he described as "offensive to the entire Islamic world."

However, the ambassador's letter, which was forwarded to PBS President Lawrence Grossman, emphasized: "We recognize your constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and expression, and it is not my purpose to suggest any infringement upon those rights." In a covering letter to Grossman, Christopher reiterated: "I want to assure you that the Government of the United States cannot and will not attempt to exercise any power of censorship."

Throughout the controversy, PBS never wavered in its determination to air the show, but decided, as it has done on other occasions, to follow it with a discussion of the film's veracity by a panel of experts. At week's end only six of the 141 PBS stations originally slated to run the show had decided to scrub it. ■

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Paley's Purge

Losing by winning

It was a happy party at Manhattan's Four Seasons restaurant, an occasion for champagne and congratulatory speeches. The top brass of CBS, led by Founder and Chairman William Paley, 79, had gathered to cheer the TV network's narrow victory over rival ABC and its return to the top of the prime-time ratings chart in the just concluded season. John Backe, 47, whom Paley had appointed as president in 1976, shared the toasting duties with his boss and warmly hailed the CBS "team effort."

Last week, scarcely a fortnight after that celebration, Backe found himself tossed off the team, summarily fired by Paley in yet another one of the management upheavals that have practically become traditional at CBS. It was not the first time that Paley had used his power as the largest single CBS stockholder (6%, now worth about $70 million) to spin the revolving door on a potential successor to the helm of the firm he effectively created 52 years ago. In October 1976, also without warning and also at a time of triumph, Paley sacked Backe's predecessor, Arthur Taylor, the self-confident financial expert Paley had hand-picked as president four years earlier. Under Taylor, CBS profits had climbed to new record levels. In the past decade, Paley had balked at turning over real authority to two other presidents, Frank Stanton and Charles Ireland.

Ex-President Backe

Backe, who had headed the CBS Publishing Group before he became president, had won a reputation as a deft manager who, among other things, brought about a needed reorganization of the broadcasting division. Paley watchers had varying theories on what soured the boss on Backe. Some CBS insiders believe Paley had been considering replacing Backe for more than a year, because he felt Backe lacked the "vision" he wanted in a chief executive officer. Others saw a more visceral reason. "Paley only feels threatened when his president achieves something," says Anthony Hoffman, entertainment-industry analyst at the Bache Halsey Stuart Shields securities firm. "Whenever he gets the feeling that he is dispensable, he pulls the rug." Adds Michael Dann, a former CBS programming chief: "Paley operates his candy store exactly the same way he did back when CBS began in 1928. The most dangerous thing Backe did was to appear as heir apparent. The only heir apparent to William Paley is William Paley." ■

Environment

A Clean Sweep in Georgia

Civic pride is the key to keeping America beautiful

On television and from billboards, Iron Eyes Cody, the "Crying Indian," watches with a tear in his eye as unthinking Americans befoul the land of his ancestors. In newspaper ads, children are shown enthusiastically collecting bottles and cans from roadsides, and adults diligently dropping their trash in garbage cans labeled EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS. In front of freshly swept sidewalks, merchants pose proudly with their brooms. And at city hall, officials talk fervently of the need to make their town "a better place in which to live."

These scenes are part of a national nonprofit cleanup effort called Keep America Beautiful, Inc. Though their characters sometimes seem straight out of Norman Rockwell paintings, the surprising thing is that the campaign is working. So well, in fact, that dozens of American cities have sharply cut their litter levels in the past few years. In Atlanta alone, where representatives of Keep America Beautiful as well as delegates from 14 foreign countries gathered last week for the 1980 conference of Clean World International, litter has been reduced by 52%. Two smaller Georgia cities have done even better. In Rome (pop. 30,000), litter is down 54% and in Macon (pop. 120,000) a spectacular 76%.*

Voluntary community participation has been the key to success. In Atlanta, schoolchildren collected a veritable mountain of discarded aluminum cans, worth about 23¢ per lb. at recycling centers, while youngsters and adult volunteers joined in planting trees and shrubs to turn empty lots into picturesque pocket parks. In Rome, volunteers cleaned up roadside ditches and trash-filled yards —and transformed a riverfront hangout for drunks and derelicts into a park that now attracts joggers and cyclists. Macon undertook a similar program, spending several million dollars to upgrade its sanitation department and establish a recycling center.

Yet sorties by young and old into the streets with brooms and garbage bags are only part of Keep America Beautiful. "A one-day cleanup doesn't accomplish anything," explained Sidney H. Estes, assistant superintendent for instruction for the Atlanta public schools and chairman of the Atlanta Clean City Commission. "Unless you educate people and change their littering behavior, you'll be back up to your knees in junk a day later."

To cure the citizenry of its littering bug, Georgia's clean communities have undertaken extensive public education programs in the schools and at civic forums. They have also been getting tougher by enforcing strict new antilitter laws. The Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA), for example, has installed closed-circuit TV systems at each station of the city's new, spotlessly clean subway system, and has security officials constantly monitoring the screens. If anyone drops trash under the gaze of this Big Brotherly eye, he is likely to be shocked into compliance with the litter laws by a voice from a loudspeaker telling him to pick up his debris. In Rome, when owners of litter-laden lots ignore a city citation ordering them to clean up their property, the municipality will hire a contractor to do the job and bill the owner. If the owner refuses to pay, the city does not hesitate to put a lien on his property. "We're not eager to do this," said Rome City Manager James A. Crace. "But we're not about to let a few people spoil it for all the others who want a clean community."

Television monitors in Atlanta subway

Big Brother is looking for litterers.

Nor are plain citizens any more tolerant. Public attitudes make it apparent that with cleanliness there grows strong community pride. And a contagious pride, at that. The spirit that has made Rome and Macon all but spotless has spread to some 60 other U.S. cities and counties as well, including Charlotte, N.C., where the litter level has dropped 71%; Chattanooga, Tenn., 57%; Portsmouth, Va., 70%; San Bernardino, Calif., 76%; Sioux Falls, S. Dak., 84%; and Indianapolis, 87%. That surely is a contagion that should be welcome everywhere. ■

*The measurements are made by comparing pictures taken of selected areas at random intervals

Theater

Myers and Goldschmidt in *Ubu*

Vacuum-Packed

L'OS/UBU
THE IK
THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS

Some years ago, Marshall McLuhan made quite a splash among cocktail-party sophisticates by proclaiming that television was a "cool medium," whereas some other cultural forms were "hot media." In recent years, Peter Brook, a highly sophisticated director, and his Paris-based company *Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales* have devised modes by which theater can be turned into a cool medium, perhaps even stone-cold.

View the works on exhibit at Greenwich Village's La Mama. Device No. 1 —skeletonize the text. Back in 1961, Brook announced: "I do not believe in the word much today, because it has outlived its purpose." This induces a vacuum of thought and feeling. Sounds and body actions are rushed in to fill the gap. Oriental masks and non-Western rituals are added, and de-individuate the actor. Superbly accomplished as this international troupe is, each member of it seems to be computerized by Brook's guru visions and will.

The most vivid of these brief theater pieces is *The Conference of the Birds*. Questing for a cogent purpose in life, a group of brave birds take wing on a perilous journey to find their true king, the Simorgh. The few survivors find that the quest was a moral lesson—to look for the Simorgh within themselves. The playgoers' reward is the way the actors become birds, with gold, red and white beaks, and swatches of silk plumage.

L'Os, a curtain raiser, is an African fable of greed, about a man who would rather be buried alive than part with a bone. *Ubu* is a riotously funny re-do of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*, a scatological, bourgeois-baiting, 19th century travesty of *Macbeth*. Power as gluttony permeates a scene in which Mère Ubu (Miriam Goldschmidt in the Lady Macbeth role) entices an army officer (Bruce Myers) to join her and Père Ubu (Macbeth) in their conspiracy to kill the king. The most ambitious work in the cycle is the least affecting. *The Ik* is based on Colin Turnbull's 1973 book, *The Mountain People*, the story of a Ugandan tribe that lost its hunting grounds. Ravaged by starvation, they became beasts, losing all traces of human compassion. This should have been a tale of potent pathos, but Brook's barebones staging starves *The Ik* of emotive power. It is a case of Less Is Not Enough. — ***T.E. Kalem***

Southbound

HOME *by Samm-Art Williams*

This play is a rite of passage, a picaresque odyssey of a man who moves from his bucolic farm in Cross Roads, N.C., to jail and to a big Northern city where the demonic "subway rolls, the subway rolls," and after 13 years comes back home to the fragrant land of his first sweet memories and desires.

Cephus Miles, a black man (Charles Brown), loves his farm. The plowing, the planting, the harvesting form the serene inner rhythm of his life. Through good times and bad, Cephus' jovial imperturbability, his native resilience and his purity of spirit form the core of this warm drama. Originally presented by the Negro Ensemble Company at St. Mark's Playhouse in Greenwich Village and currently housed at Broadway's Cort Theater, *Home* explores the texture of the black experience from the inside looking out with some rue but no hostility.

There are only three actors in the play, but many characters. Cephus is attended by Woman One and Woman Two, who multiply themselves in various roles throughout the evening. Woman One (L. Scott Caldwell) is Cephus' conscience, and principally his childhood sweetheart Pattie Mae. Jailed for refusing to fight in Viet Nam, Cephus loses his farm for back taxes. He gravitates to Woman Two (Michele Shay), a big-city temptress. The city shatters Cephus' moral gyroscope and drives him to drink and drugs, but in a finale that O. Henry might have relished, he gets to go back home again.

The cast leaves nothing to be desired, and Playwright Williams is a prose poet with a lavish sense of humor and such musically evocative imagery that one may leave the theater with the lines of *When It's Sleepy Time Down South* running through one's mind. — ***T.E.K.***

Welch and Short in *Black Broadway*

Hit Parade

BLACK BROADWAY

One generation's nostalgia is another's discovery. How many of today's theatergoers remember Elisabeth Welch, who introduced *Charleston* in the 1923 musical *Runnin' Wild*? Or Adelaide Hall, who introduced *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* in *Blackbirds of 1928*? Never mind. *Black Broadway* brings them both back anew for a three-week run at Manhattan's Town Hall. The revue, an outgrowth of a concert at last year's Newport Jazz Festival, is an amiable, loosely strung hit parade of black musical entertainment from the first half of the century.

Café Singer Bobby Short is master of ceremonies. Although his dandified talent is misapplied here, the songs he dusts off (*Tall, Tan and Terrific, Posin'*) have period charm as well as charm, period. Present-day Broadway is represented by Nell Carter, that kitten of brass from *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and Tap Dancer Gregory Hines from *Eubie!*, a one-man funky fusillade.

But the evening belongs to their elders. Jazz Singer Edith Wilson, who made her Town Hall debut in 1921, shows that she can still command the stage with a witty, mischievous *He May Be Your Man*. Tap-Dancing Legend John W. Bubbles, who created the role of Sportin' Life in *Porgy and Bess*, lifts a still rakish derby and a still raffish tenor in *It Ain't Necessarily So*. Wilson is now halting of step and Bubbles is confined to a chair. Their performances affirm that careers may belong to a particular age, but talent is ageless. — ***Christopher Porterfield***

People

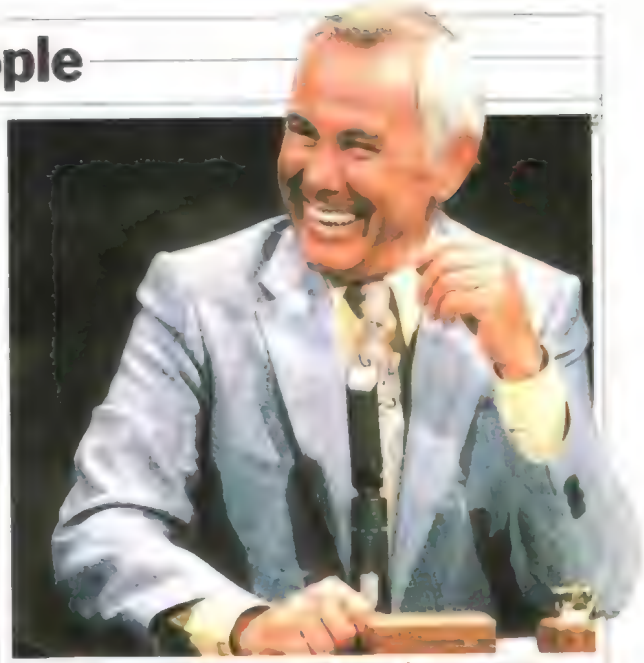
Gish gives Huston a gala hug

The hug that Actress **Lillian Gish,** 83, bestowed on **John Huston** at a Lincoln Center film gala last week honoring his work was particularly affectionate. No wonder. "He seems like a relative," explained Gish. "I took my first curtain call at the age of five on the shoulders of his father **Walter.** We were touring in Rising Sun, Ohio." Years later, in 1960, Gish played for Huston in *The Unforgiven*, one of the 35 movies for which the grizzled director-actor was being honored, including such epics as *The African Queen* and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. Huston, 73, listened to the compliments by stars with whom he had worked during a 39-year career, including **Lauren Bacall, José Ferrer** and **Richard Burton.** Then, hardly pausing for rest, he flew off to Hungary to work on his 36th movie, *Escape to Victory*.

Trekking is a popular pastime in the Himalayas, but when World Bank President **Robert McNamara,** 63, comes along, that obviously makes it a star trek. McNamara's band, on his second visit to Nepal, includes Wife **Margaret,** seven friends, five Sherpa guides, 26 porters, a Tibetan pony and a yak. The group is making two treks, one a 60-mile walk reaching 15,000-ft. altitudes, the other a 50-mile hike at even higher levels. Exults McNamara: "For people who live at sea level, high altitudes exact their toll. You think the top of your head is going to separate from the rest of you. It is absolutely godawful in terms of headaches. But it's worth it."

■

Ever since he succeeded his father **François** ("Papa Doc") **Duvalier** as Haiti's President for Life nine years ago, Son **Jean-Claude** has been known among a few close friends and many mocking enemies as Baby Doc. Though he still carries a lot of baby fat at 28, Jean-Claude is obviously a big fellow now. Over the protests of his mother **Simone,** he is about to marry the woman he loves, delicious Divorcee **Michèle Bennett,** 27. Mother objected principally because her future daughter-in-law's former father-in-law **Alix Pasquet** led an attempted coup in 1959 that nearly toppled Papa Doc. Then too there was the question of titles. After the nuptials Simone will become "First Lady of the Republic for Life." Michèle will be "Wife of the President for Life." In time Baby Doc may become a Papa Doc too.



Carson in the *Tonight* show seat he will occupy three more years

"Applaud all you want," said **Johnny Carson,** flashing the monologue *moue* that has become a *Tonight* show trademark. "I'm stuck for three more years." Stuck? Well, yes, if $5 million a year or so is mucilage. The real sticking point in the latest contract battle between Carson's Carnac the Magnificent and Silverman the Munificent, however, was not money but exposure. Carson demanded less of it than his present 4½ hours a week. NBC President **Fred Silverman** insisted on more. Eventually they compromised. The *Tonight* show, as a result, will be cut from 90 minutes a night to 60, but Carson will appear four nights a week instead of three. With so many fringes that you should eat your hearts out, Merv and Mike.

It was an elegant reception that Ottawa laid on to open the two-day visit of Japanese Prime Minister **Masayoshi Ohira.** Flags fluttered, crowds cheered, a red carpet was rolled out. But then a military band marched up Parliament Hill playing—could it really be?—the *Colonel Bogey March*. Snappy, yes, but also the tune of defiance, as all *Bridge on the River Kwai* film fans know, that the movie's P.O.W.s whistled while they worked for their Japanese captors in World War II. Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau,** escorting Ohira into the House of Commons, was followed by a string of officials whose faces matched the carpet. "In the long, meticulous planning for this visit," groaned one, "this particular portion slipped by."

"Baby Doc" and fiancée making wedding plans

Prime Minister Ohira and Wife Shigeko at Ottawa welcome

An Imposing Messenger from Rome

A touring Pope defines his policy and falls under the spell of Africa's exuberance

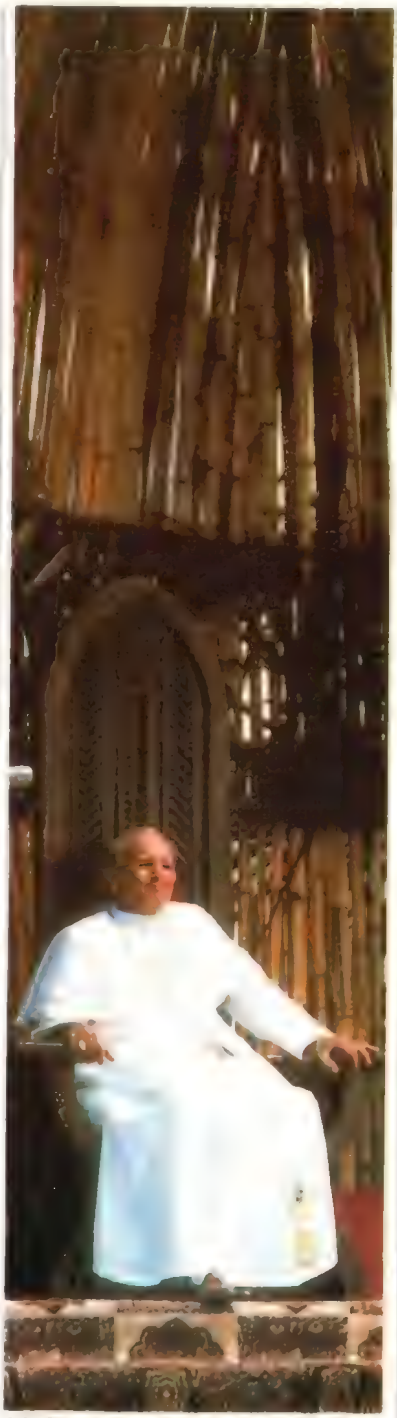
He said his Masses in traditional Latin. He delivered his weighty policy pronouncements in badly accented French to huge but quiet audiences. With a pontifical smile, he watched spectacular, sun-drenched displays of faith and affection. But not till the fourth day of his dramatic pilgrimage across the continent did the irrepressible exuberance of Africa really get to Pope John Paul II.

It happened 1,250 miles upriver from the sea, at Kisangani, a Zaïrean city surrounded by one of the world's densest jungles. As the papal plane touched down, a band of horns, drums and a guitar beat out religious tunes. Two lines of teen-age girls in green swayed, sang and clapped their hands joyously. Swept up by the infectious rhythms, everyone, including the press, began to dance, even the veteran diplomatic correspondent of Italy's staid *Corriere della Sera*. When John Paul reached the green lines, he suddenly began to dance too, his big frame swaying back and forth to the rhythmic beat, his face beaming.

The world that is much with John Paul back in Rome is that of the West, where new theologians question church doctrines, while churches and seminaries increasingly stand half empty. In Africa, though, Christianity is burgeoning faster than anywhere else in the world. It is a creed to be lived and enjoyed, not debated. On Sunday mornings, people will walk for miles to get to a Mass or a Protestant service. The streets in many villages become deserted; everyone is at church, having a good time.

Last week as the Pope moved from Zaïre to Congo, Kenya, Ghana, Upper Volta and the Ivory Coast, torrents of people poured into city plazas and thoroughfares to catch a glimpse of the white-robed Holy Father. In Kinshasa the rush to see John Paul produced tragedy. Part of the turnout, which eventually numbered 1 million, had waited for hours to get into the cordoned area at the Palace of the People. As the gates opened at 5:30 a.m., nine people were trampled to death in the stampede, dozens were hospitalized, and an estimated 500 had minor injuries. The Pope did not learn of the deaths until hours later.

When the papal tour moved on to Kenya, the congregation in Nairobi's Uhuru (Freedom) Park numbered 600,000. The blind and crippled mingled in the throng in the hope of receiving a papal blessing, but it was difficult for multitudes in neighboring Tanzania and Uganda to attend. Tanzania has sealed its border with Kenya. Both Tanzania and Uganda refused to release exchange currency for those who wished to travel, though Uganda's President Godfrey Binaisa arrived anyway. Some got in without money. A Tanzanian woman from Moshi made it across the border by walking at night through the bush and then begging a bus ride: "I knew that if I didn't come I would die without seeing the Pope."



John Paul enthroned in a bamboo hut in Zaïre

Horns, drums, a monkey-skin headdress.

At one level, the tour was a cavalcade of Africanization. The crowds in Brazzaville, Congo, shook gourd rattles and castanets, waved palm branches, bouquets, homemade crucifixes. In a church near Kinshasa, old women trilled high-pitched lullaloos, and the officiating Belgian priest wore a monkey-skin headdress with the tail running down his back. Among the gifts presented to John Paul in Nairobi: primitive paintings, an animal-skin cape, an antelope horn, daggers, a spear and shield, and a tribal headdress that he gamely donned.

On the tour, an expert on Vatican policy explained the Pope's problem: "If too much Africanization is permitted, the church will pull away from Rome; but if Africanization is not permitted, the churches here will be empty." The Pope paid tribute to the African experience: "Your church has been grafted on the great tree of the church, where, for 100 years, it has drawn its sap, which now permits it to give its fruits to the church and to become itself missionary to others. Your church will have to deepen its local African dimension, without ever forgetting its universal dimension. I know your fervent attachment to the Pope. I say also to you: Through him, remain united to the whole church." But wherever he went John Paul also em-

phasized the limits of Africanization, pointing out that Africa's Catholics are part of the universal church. He praised bishops for their loyalty to the papacy. Though celibacy is unpopular in Africa, he persistently called for reinforcement of the rule, stating that priests must not only follow it but be personally convinced of its "positive and essential values." In a region of widespread polygamy and common-law marriage, he insisted upon the church's advocacy of monogamy and sacramental marriage, with no divorce allowed. "The original couple, in the design of God, is monogamous—the union [is] indissoluble on all levels," he said. "Christian couples have an irreplaceable mission in today's world. The generous love and fidelity of husband and wife offer stability and hope to a world torn by hatred."

One thing the Pope clearly would like to Africanize is the ranks of the clergy. Black bishops head 70% of Africa's 353 dioceses, but two-thirds of the priests are still white missionaries. Seminary enrollments are growing, but not fast enough to keep up with the spread of African Catholicism. The pastoral gap is filled by widespread use of lay catechists. Africa's Protestants outnumber Catholics, perhaps in part because they have an overwhelmingly black clergy, and their churches are wholly independent of overseas control.

The Pope spoke repeatedly about Christianity's social role in Africa. In a week when two U.S. priests had to drop races for Congress because John Paul has reasserted the canon forbidding the clergy to take direct part in electoral politics, the papal point seemed contradictory. But John Paul's policy applies to priests, not laymen. He wants to leave social action basically to the laity, while bishops and priests speak out in principle for human and religious rights and

The Pope is introduced to Uganda's President Binaisa by Kenya's Daniel arap Moi; the crowd in Zaire, where nine people were crushed; a joyful motorcade in Ghana's capital of Accra

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against corruption and violence. "The Christian faith does not provide you with readymade solutions to the complex problems affecting contemporary society," he told the crowd in Nairobi's Uhuru Park. "But it does give you deep insights into the nature of man and his needs, calling you to speak the truth in love, to take up your responsibilities as good citizens and to work with your neighbors to build a society where true human values are nourished and deepened."

During a speech in Zaïre, for instance, the Pope urged the clergy to train citizens who are "enemies of corruption, of lies and of injustice." That brought a roar from the crowd, since those evils have long been evident in the government of Zaïre's President Mobutu Sese Seko, who is a Catholic.

In the trip's principal political speech, delivered before Nairobi's diplomatic corps, John Paul attacked "atheistic ideology." Under Mozambique's socialist regime, Catholics are in detention, and many people are denied their right of worship. Catholicism is naturally associated with the colonial Portuguese, but the government of President Samora Machel propagandizes against all religions. Many services have been banned, mission activities restricted, and churches and mosques have been padlocked.

AP

The Pope with Archbishop Runcie

"Time is too short" for old rivalries.

In Marxist-ruled but predominantly Christian Ethiopia, the ousted Orthodox Patriarch was jailed in 1976. The general secretary of the Lutheran Church was twice arrested, then abducted in 1979, and has not been heard from since. Believers are forced to worship at dawn before the required Sunday-morning political indoctrination sessions. Some Christians have been tortured and murdered.

In other nations conditions are improving. For example, the Marxist regime in Angola at first did its best to expunge religion, but the government relented after Catholicism stood up for its rights.

The attitude toward religion is most perplexing in the People's Republic of the Congo. In 1977, Emile Biayenda became the second Cardinal in the century to be assassinated. But last month the nominally Marxist government of President Denis Sassou Nguesso established diplomatic relations with the Vatican and pleaded urgently to be included in the papal visit. The Congo needs to court Catholicism to shore up its popular support and counteract the influence of revolutionary religious sects that seek to overthrow the government. John Paul used his visit to remind Congolese officials that religious freedom is "at the center of respect for all the inalienable rights of the individual."

Politics and ecumenism blended effectively during the last two years in Ghana when Catholic, Anglican and Protestant leaders joined in openly criticizing human rights violations by two successive military regimes. Their action helped bring about the first elected civilian government in ten years. The former British colony, where Catholics are a distinct minority, was a fitting if exotic site for John Paul's first meeting with the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert A.K. Runcie, leader of the world's 65 million Anglicans and Episcopalians.

Some of Runcie's African flock are not entirely pleased about the Pope. Nairobi's Canon Kenneth Stovold has publicly complained that the Pope's attacks on birth control in Africa would spoil intensive efforts to hold down the tremendous population increases on the continent. Colin Winter, the exiled bishop of Namibia (South West Africa) divides all Christians into the "church of the oppressor and the church of the oppressed." Says Winter sourly: "I don't think a Polish Pope can understand Africa. His attitudes are extremely reactionary. His hang-up is Communism, Communism."

Runcie, 58, is anxious for good relations with Rome. Like John Paul he is relatively young, so the two are likely to guide reunification efforts of their churches for many years. Their meeting was billed in advance as a mere formality, but after a friendly 45-minute conversation, they declared, "The time is too short and the need too pressing to waste Christian energy pursuing old rivalries," and added, "The talents and resources of all the churches must be shared if Christ is to be seen and heard effectively." They paid credit to the zeal of Africa's churches.

John Paul also was hopeful about ecumenical relations in his remarks in Kenya, where Catholics and Protestants are engaged in joint Bible translation, now quite common elsewhere in the world. They have also prepared an innovative ecumenical curriculum for religion classes in the schools, and are engaged in joint evangelistic work. Christian divisions are a "scandal to the world," John Paul told a meeting of non-Catholic leaders in Nairobi. "Especially to the young churches in mission lands. Truly the credibility of the Gospel message and of Christ himself is linked to Christian unity." In struggling to remove this "scandal," as in many other spiritual matters, Africa seems destined to play a dramatic part. ■

Milestones

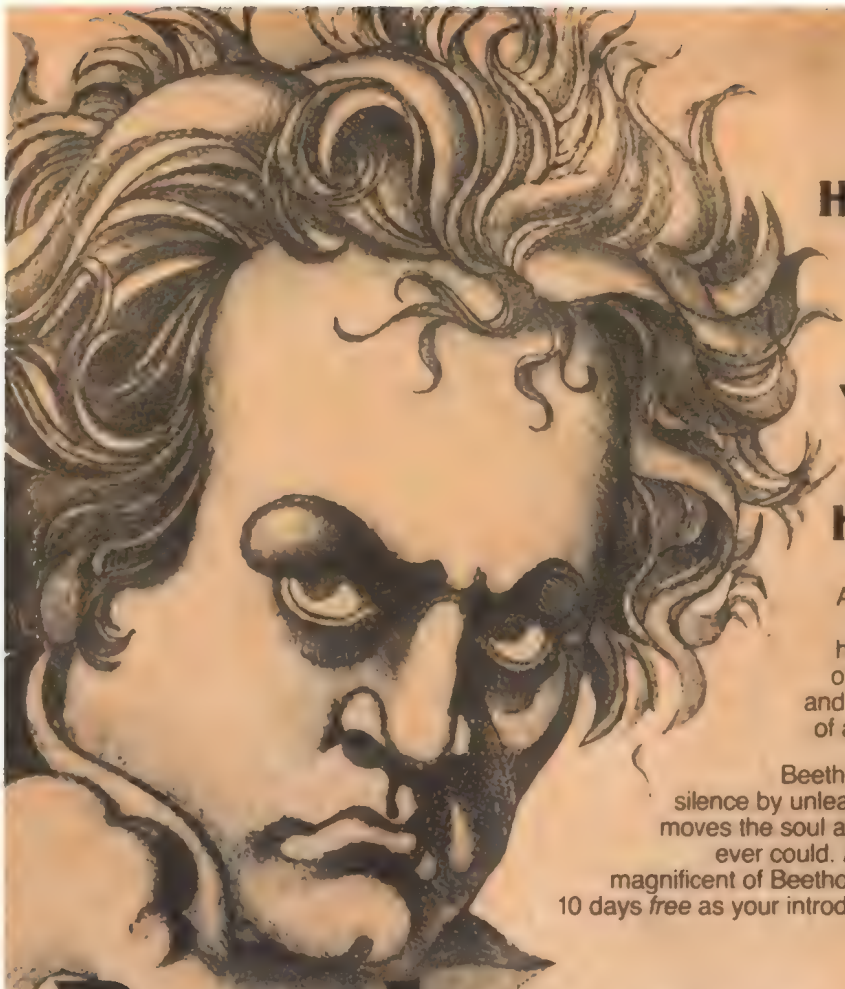
DIVORCED. Christina Onassis, 29, Greek shipping empress; and **Sergei Kauzov,** 40, her third husband and sometime Soviet shipping functionary; on the grounds of irreconcilable differences; after 21 months of marriage; in Switzerland. "They did not part in anger," one Swiss lawyer reported; a multimillion-dollar settlement reportedly helped soften the blow for Kauzov.

DIED. John C. Bennett, 56, retired Army major general who played a role in the Watergate scandal as a presidential assistant and official custodian of the infamous White House tapes after their discovery in July 1973; of injuries received in the crash of his plane near Anchorage. It was Bennett who revealed the existence of unexplained gaps in the tapes and later testified extensively about the still mysterious 18½-minute erasure of a conversation between Richard Nixon and Aide H.R. Haldeman about the Democratic Party headquarters break-in in June 1972.

DIED. George Pal, 72, Hollywood producer-director and pioneer of cinema science fiction, whose special effects won his films eight Academy Awards; of an apparent heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. The Hungarian-born Pal, who came to the U.S. in 1939, had already made a name as a cinema cartoonist, but soon turned to full-length features; his first science-fiction film, *Destination Moon* (1950), anticipated procedures and equipment used in the 1969 lunar landing and brought him an Oscar, followed by others for *The War of the Worlds* and *The Time Machine*. He was pleased by the sci-fi revival sparked by *Star Wars*, which, he said, "proved again that a special effect is as big a star as any in the world."

DIED. Arthur Levitt, 79, New York State comptroller from 1955 to 1978, whose nonpartisan dedication, thrift with public funds and relentless criticism of fiscal chicanery endeared him to voters, who returned him to office five times with huge majorities; in New York City. A Brooklyn lawyer and nominal Democrat, Levitt served under four Governors, tightening the state's auditing procedures, including "performance audits" of state agencies, and eventually giving his office prestige and power virtually beyond politics.

DIED. Leonard Woods Labaree, 82, former Farnam Professor of History at Yale University, where he headed the ambitious project of collecting, annotating and publishing all of Benjamin Franklin's surviving papers; in Northford, Conn. From 1954 until his retirement 15 years later, Labaree was in charge of a group of scholars who assembled copies of 27,800 manuscript documents, then transcribed and edited the first 14 volumes (including Franklin's spirited, salty *Autobiography*) of a collection that may run to 40 volumes when completed.



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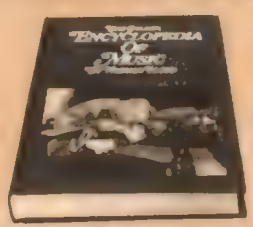

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Dreams, Cats and the ERA

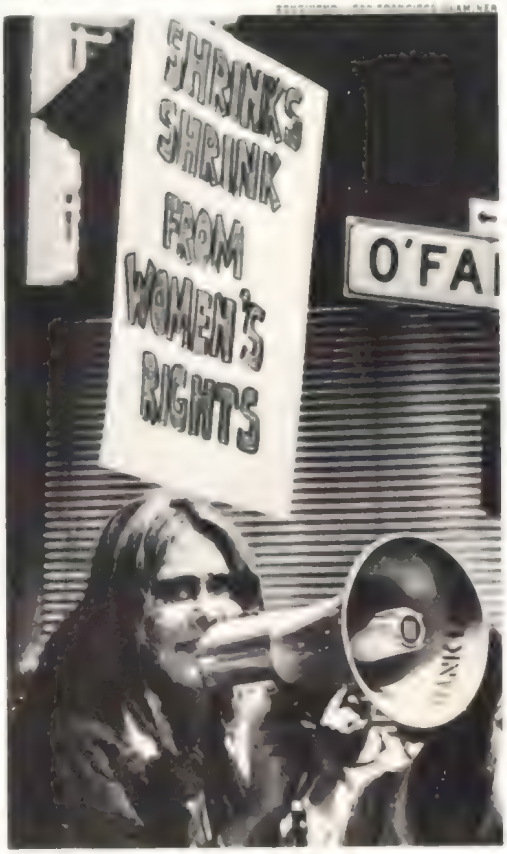
At the psychiatrists' conclave, feminist rages and sleep stages

"To love and to work." Freud's famous description of healthy functioning provided a worthy theme for last week's American Psychiatric Association convention in San Francisco. At first, however, it looked as though there might be very little of either. In demonstrations and caucuses, angry feminists denounced the association as male-dominated and hopelessly sexist. Gloria Steinem was there to push the cause, and Betty Friedan sent a message saying that she dreamed of the day when women would not need psychiatrists at all.

The immediate trigger for the feminist fury was the Equal Rights Amendment. Though many psychiatrists flaunted little ERA stickers on their name tags, A.P.A. members had voted last winter to drop the organization's boycott of states that had not ratified the amendment. That meant that next year's meeting would be held in non-ERA New Orleans. But the feminists, vowing to publicize the names of any psychiatrist who showed up in New Orleans, created such a clamor that one male doctor warned: "The A.P.A. is in big trouble." The organization's board of trustees apparently agreed. In a surprise 12-to-4 vote, it overruled the referendum results and ordered next year's convention moved to an ERA state. As an added gesture, the erstwhile chauvinists approved spending up to $25,000 to help pass the amendment.

Once the convention settled down to business, there were papers and palaver aplenty. One of the more interesting scientific sessions involved sleep and depression. It has long been known that depressed people have trouble staying asleep and tend to wake up early. And lately doctors have learned that they also launch earlier than normal people into the intense period of sleep characterized by rapid eye movements (REM) that occur under closed lids.

Studying sleep patterns, Psychiatrist David Kupfer of the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic in Pittsburgh made an intriguing discovery. Though such popular antidepressants as the tricyclics have been a boon to the mentally ill, they usually take several weeks to produce results. If the initial drug does not seem to work, the doctor may begin trying others—until there is nothing left but shock therapy. Kupfer, on the other hand, found that even when there is no apparent change in a patient's mood, the drug almost immediately delays the onset of dreaming. In other words, it resets the REM sleep clock to normal even while there are still symptoms of depression. Kupfer told the convention that REM patterns could become a powerful diagnostic tool—speeding up the process of finding the right drug or identifying patients for shock therapy. Said he: "We hope to find people who are clearly not going to respond three or four months earlier than we used to."



Gloria Steinem campaigning in San Francisco

Flocking back to the medical roots.

Kupfer's work seems to provide clinical confirmation of experiments involving REM sleep in cats. Harvard's Allan Hobson told the convention that he and his colleague Robert McCarley have been able to turn on the brain cells that control REM sleep in the animals. Their trick: using drugs that mimic the action of natural chemicals. Remarkably, they extended feline REM sleep from a normal six to ten minutes to nearly three hours. The Harvard cats obviously cannot describe their dreams or indicate if they really have any. But their cycles of sleep are so like those of humans that the sleep-prone animals are proving ideal research subjects —almost as important to psychiatrists as rats, mice and pigeons are to psychologists. Said McCarley: "One of the things that hampered psychiatrists has been the difficulty of finding an appropriate animal model for depression and schizophrenia, and it looks like ours is an important model for learning how depressions come about. That is very exciting." Added Hobson: "All you need to do is alter the balance between naturally occurring substances, and the mind goes bananas."

While some researchers remain skeptical of cat-brain research, a team of psychiatrists from the National Institute of Mental Health provided strong support for it. Using a similar drug, physostigmine (which indirectly "fires" or triggers brain cells that cause REM sleep), Psychiatrists Natraj Sitaram and J. Christian Gillin produced early REM dream states in humans. When they awakened subjects and quizzed them about their reveries, they found the artificially triggered dreams indistinguishable from normal ones. The researchers think they have established objective criteria for the subjective state of depression: injecting their compounds into different people, they detected a "markedly supersensitive response" —a rapid onset of dreaming—among depressives, even those in remission, as well as those with a family history of depression. Sitaram's conclusion: such tests might tell who is depressed or likely to be.

Other reports provided reassurance that many well-publicized side effects of prescription drugs are, in fact, mild. University of Pennsylvania Psychiatrist Karl Rickels told of a one-year study showing that Valium addiction is rare and comparatively easy to overcome. T. Alan Ramsey, also of Penn, challenged the view that lithium can damage kidneys, charging that such reports were based on uncontrolled studies that failed to allow for infection or other causes of disability.

Nearly all the new research reports dealt with biochemistry and kindred disciplines. Faced with competition from nonmedical therapists, psychiatrists are clearly flocking back to their medical roots. In fact, the ERA furor provided the main relief from biology and chemistry. Stirred by the flap, Author Barbara Ehrenreich tossed away her text ("Work and Love: Can Women Have Both?") and lectured psychiatrists on their failures. Said she: "Psychiatric theory said that women could find fulfillment only through a life of child bearing and domesticity." That argument, though overstated, helped bring the change on ERA. ■

The *Millennium Falcon* fleeing an Imperial starship; Darth Vader; Chewbacca, Princess Leia and Han Solo aloft; Yoda

Cinema

COVER STORY

The Empire Strikes Back!

And so does George Lucas in the second of his Star Wars *epics*

Well, it took them long enough, but here they come. All the old friends and some favorite enemies have returned to brighten up this unhappy spring. There's Luke Skywalker, that gee whiz kid from Tatooine, and there's Princess Leia, that cosmic man-killer. There are Han Solo and his furry 8-ft. friend Chewbacca trying to get their beat-up old tub, the *Millennium Falcon*, to make the jump into hyperspace. And back, of course, are the Laurel and Hardy of the robot set, Artoo Detoo and See Threepio, in fine beep and polish.

But wait. What is that ominous sound in the background, that heavy breathing that strikes terror in the hearts of all those who love peace and freedom? It could only be the scourge of the universe, the nastiest man from here to infinity, Archvillain Darth Vader, the Dark Lord of Sith and leader of the Imperial Forces. It is time, in other words, to hurry up, buy the popcorn, M & M's, or whatever else you like to munch in front of the silver screen, and grab a seat for *The Empire Strikes Back*.

This sequel to *Star Wars*, which easily toppled *Jaws* as the most successful movie in Hollywood history, opens in Britain and in 125 theaters around the U.S. on May 21, and that is not a millisecond too soon for those children, everybody under the age of 90, who have been waiting since 1977 to find out what happens next. Three expensive science fiction films—*Star Trek*, *The Black Hole* and *Alien*—have opened in the past year, but none has claimed the public's affection like the adventure fantasy of Produc-

Darth Vader and Luke dueling with lightswords; Chewie; Yoda teaching Luke the ways of the Jedi; Artoo Detoo

er-Creator George Lucas. The question now is: Can he do it again?

Whether Lucas, 36, will break his own world record is uncertain, of course, but he and Director Irvin Kershner have certainly tried. With the money Lucas made from *Star Wars*, he built for *The Empire* the world's largest sound stage and what may be its most sophisticated special effects studio. Tricks that were hard first time around were easy the second time, and new harder ones were thought up. Actors who were not sure what they were doing spouting Lucas' Classics comics dialogue were enthusiastic about the sequel. "*Star Wars* was basically a 'Let's Get Darth Vader' story line, all action and little dialogue," says Carrie Fisher, who plays haughty Princess Leia. "*The Empire* has romance, minor tragedies and characters working more off each other. Sure, it's a fairy tale, just like the first, but it has an additional dimension."

When *Star Wars* ended, the rebels — the good guys—had just destroyed the Empire's Death Star and were giving their two new heroes, Luke and Han Solo (Mark Hamill and Harrison Ford), some shiny medals to hang on their key chains. Darth Vader (David Prowse) had sneaked out through the back hatch, however, and as *The Empire* opens, he is sending the forces of the evil Empire to rout the rebels from their hideout on the ice planet Hoth. Giant walking tanks blast the rebel fortress, and Solo, Leia, Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew) and See Threepio (Anthony Daniels) barely manage to escape in the *Millennium Falcon*. That uncertain vessel refuses, however, to leap into hyperspace, and in order to evade pursuing Empire fighters, Solo runs through a perilous asteroid field. "They'd be crazy to follow us in here," he says. Eventually, they find what they think is refuge in a city in the clouds ruled by Solo's old friend in mild skulduggery, Lando Calrissian (Billy Dee Williams).

George Lucas
Leaping into hyperspace.

Luke, meantime, has been visited by the holographic presence of Obi-Won Kenobi, or Ben Kenobi (Alec Guinness), who was translated to incorporeal planes by Vader in *Star Wars*. With the power of the Force behind them, old Jedi Knights never die, it seems; they just fade in and out. Ben Kenobi tells Luke to seek out someone named Yoda on the Planet Dagobah. Ben did not say that the place is all jungles and swamps, and Luke soon finds himself knee deep in muck. Suddenly a strange little creature pops out. He looks like one of the gargoyles with whom the Hunchback used to play at Notre Dame. He even spouts a kind of Chaucerian Middle English, with many of his verbs and adjectives piling up at the end of sentences. Luke tries to shoo him away but discovers that this is his Jedi master.

Luke; Han Solo in frozen suspension; walking Imperial tanks; Solo being put into carbon-freezing chamber; Leia

Yoda, a 26-in.-tall Muppet operated by Frank Oz, the man in charge of Miss Piggy, is one of Lucas' great fantastics. Part elf and part wizard, he is Dagobah's answer to the High Lama of Shangri-la. He has been training Jedi Knights for 800 years. At first he hardly wants to talk to Luke. "No good," he says to Ben Kenobi, who has hovered into view once again. "I cannot instruct him. The boy has no patience. Much anger in him, like his father. All his life has he looked away—to the horizon, to the sky, to the future. Never his mind on where he was, on what he was doing. Adventure, excitement. A Jedi craves not these things!"

Eventually, of course, Yoda relents and instructs Luke in the ways of the Jedi and the uses of the Force, that strange, mystical power that all Jedis possess. "Life creates it and makes it grow," the little gnome explains. "Its energy surrounds us and binds us. Luminous beings are we ... Feel the flow. Feel the Force around you." Luke does, to a degree. By an exertion of will he can move rocks and other small objects —like a wildly beeping and protesting Artoo Detoo. Yet when he tries to raise his ship, which is mired in the swamp, Luke fails. He then watches in amazement as Yoda levitates it to dry land. "I don't believe it," he says. "That," retorts Yoda, "is why you fail."

Luke learns enough, however, to give Darth Vader a spirited battle with his lightsword at the end of the film. But Vader proves a difficult foe to vanquish. That is just as well for the story because the Dark Lord is far more menacing in *The Empire* than he was in *Star Wars*, infused with hitherto unknown ambitions and desires, possessed of a mysterious past. There is a hint of a complex personality, and Vader, like all good villains, commands the screen whenever he appears, his black robes floating behind him like the shrouds of death. But once he has been given such prominence, he is a hard character for even his creator to control. In *Star Wars*, Vader was soundly defeated, and there was a rousing celebration of good over evil, with an appropriate flourish of John Williams' triumphant music. With Vader dominating, perhaps even more than Lucas intended, *The Empire* finishes on a less satisfying and more ambiguous note.

In many ways the new film is a better film than *Star Wars*, visually more exciting, more artful and meticulous in detail. As a special effects wizard, Lucas fairly dazzles the eye with his optical magic. In one scene, for instance, the walking tanks are impervious to ordinary weapons, and Luke and his band of intrepid fighter pilots are forced to use older methods. Circling the legs of one of the giant camel-like machines, a rebel fighter ensnares it, and it crumbles to the ground. On-screen that intricate maneuver takes perhaps 60 sec., but to put it there took the technicians at his Industrial Light and Magic Inc. three months. Most impressive of all is the *Millennium Falcon's* voyage through

the asteroid field as it attempts to elude pursuing Imperial fighters. Huge rocks whiz by. The *Falcon* and the fighters dance around them in a frantic effort to avoid being pulverized. For a few moments the scene fools the eye into believing it is seeing three dimensions, so carefully is the work textured.

To achieve such realism, the Light and Magic crew made great advances in film technology. One of the devices they used was a $500,000 machine called a quad printer, which consists of four projectors. Each projector holds separate bits of film. In the asteroid scene, for example, one would show the zooming *Falcon*, another the model asteroids, a third would show the stars shining in the background, and a fourth such things as shadows, laser beams and explosions. All four machines would then project their images through a prism, which would combine them into one seamless film. Models were carefully synchronized by computers, moreover, and scenes using effects of enormous complexity could be duplicated as many times as necessary.

Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the pioneer space fantasy, had 35 separate special-effects shots. *Star Wars*, which made good use of nine more years of development in computer technology, had 380. *The Empire* has 414. Yet even that number is deceptive; some of *The Empire's* shots are far beyond anything in *Star Wars* in daring and sophistication.

The sound effects are also something of a wonder, and Soundman Ben Burtt has conjured up noises never before heard on earth. To find a voice for Chewbacca, reports TIME Correspondent James Willwerth, Burtt combined bears growling, a walrus grunting, a seal barking, a tiger roaring and a lizard—a big lizard—hissing. The result, as anybody who has ever traveled to the planet Kashyyyk knows, is pure Wookie. For Darth Vader, Lucas wanted a sinister sound. Burtt put a tiny microphone inside a scuba tank regulator and found what Lucas wanted: the sound of labored, but mechanical breathing. "The biggest dilemma," he says, "is always to create a sound which sounds familiar and has an association with reality but yet is not identifiable."

The actors, more certain of who they are supposed to be, seem more comfortable in this film, though life on the set was not always celestial. Captured at the beginning by one of Hoth's furry ice monsters, Mark Hamill is hung up inside the monster's cave like a side of beef. "I hung seven days upside down in that snow cave," he says. "I had to do it for both the first and second units—all for about 90 seconds worth of film." Real snakes were used in the Dagobah swamp scenes. Once when Hamill brushed away a snake from his dinner bowl in a scene with Yoda, the reptile slithered down the Muppet's costume onto a very surprised Frank Oz, who jumped right off the set, yelping loudly enough to be heard throughout the thousand worlds.

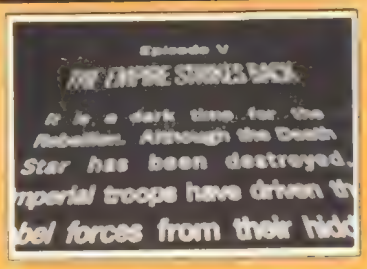
In some scenes Artoo Detoo is played by a real robot; but in closeups little Kenny Baker is the brain and motor within. Baker had a hard time moving that heavy tin can in *Star Wars*, and his new model Artoo Detoo was a big improvement; it was lighter and easier to push, and it did not have the bruising nuts and bolts the old model had inside. Unfortunately for Baker, he is fast becoming obsolete. The real robots were much smarter than they were in *Star Wars*, and they were able to do many action shots better than the Baker-controlled Artoo did in that film.

One thing stayed the same in both movies: the security on the set of *The Empire* would put the CIA to shame. Several of the actors were given their own lines only, with the speeches of other actors neatly crossed out on the script. The biggest surprise comes in the climactic duel. Prowse was given dummy lines to say, and the real lines were later dubbed by James Earl Jones, the voice of Vader in both movies. "I don't know much about what happens in the picture," admits Prowse. "I have no idea what occurs in a sequence before I appear or after I leave the screen. They were paranoid, really paranoid, about security."

Sequels of giant hits, like children who follow Daddy's favorite, always have an unfair burden. They are not examined on their own merits but in relationship to the picture everyone loved. In many ways Lucas and Kershner have overcome that handicap. *The Empire Strikes Back* is a more polished and, in some ways, a richer film. But to imitate Yoda's way of speaking, and to answer the obvious question, as much fun it is not.

Looking back at *Star Wars* and his other big movie, *American Graffiti*, Lucas discovered a common ingredient, what he calls an "effervescent giddiness." It is not a bad analysis, and *Star Wars* had more of it than does *The Empire*. There are many amusing scenes, as before mostly involving Artoo Detoo, Threepio and Chewbacca. Lucas' imagination once again lays out its bounty in a lavish and wonderful spread. The invention of Yoda alone would keep many film makers bragging for years. Lucas adds ice monsters, strange-looking beasts —half dinosaur, half llama—that can be ridden bareback, the city in the clouds, and at least one surprising twist of plot involving Luke and Darth Vader. Unfortunately, there are not enough of those other bubbles of fun and spontaneity that made *Star Wars* so memorable.

Following the example of Lucas, who picked him to direct the new film, Kershner, 57, drives the action at something approaching hyperspeed. At times he goes too fast. *The Empire* moves so quickly through its two hours that some of the



The very first surprise in *The Empire Strikes Back* comes in the opening credits: the movie is identified as *Episode V*. Since it is the immediate sequel to the original *Star Wars*, that opus has been retitled *Star Wars: Episode IV*, raising a meteor shower of questions. The answers: Lucas has begun his space saga in the middle, and both pictures are the centerpieces of a projected nine-part series. The remaining movies, fore and aft, have not yet been laid out in detail, but Lucas has the framework, a kind of history of what happened in that galaxy long ago and far away. A preview:

For years the universe was governed by a republic, which was regulated by the order of Jedi Knights, who bore a vague resemblance to Japanese Samurai warriors. But eventually the citizens of the republic "didn't care enough to elect competent officials," says Lucas the historian, and so their government collapsed. A sorcerer, a bad counterpart of Yoda, blocked all opposition and declared himself Emperor. He was not seen in *Star Wars. Episode IV*, but he makes a brief appearance in *The Empire*.

The Emperor subverts Darth Vader to his side, and together he and Vader betray the other Knights, nearly all of whom are killed in their trap. Ben Kenobi escapes, and after a fierce struggle he does such injury to Vader that forever after Vader must wear a mask and that noisy life-support system. The fall of the republic and the rise of the empire will form the first of Lucas' three trilogies.

The second trilogy, which opened with *Star Wars. Episode IV*, centers on Luke Skywalker, who will be seen as a child in *Episode III. The Empire* continues the Skywalker story, and *Episode VI*, the next film to be made, which will be called *Revenge of the Jedi*, will end it, with either Luke or Darth Vader walking away from their final bout. The last three episodes involve the rebuilding of the republic.

Only two of the main characters will appear in all nine films, and they are the robots, Artoo Detoo and Threepio. Says Lucas: "In effect, the story will be told through their eyes."

In the Footsteps of Ulysses

One of George Lucas' fondest images is this: a group of youngsters sitting around, their mouths open in wonder and suspense, as they hear the story of Ulysses. The adventures of Luke Skywalker bear only a superficial resemblance to the quest of Homer's "kingly man," but both draw from the same deep wells of mythology, the unconscious themes that have always dominated history on the planet.

"Myths are public dreams," according to retired Sarah Lawrence College Professor Joseph Campbell, whose books, notably *Hero with a Thousand Faces*, have established him as one of the world's leading experts on mythology. "Dreams are private myths. Myths are vehicles of communication between the conscious and the unconscious, just as dreams are." The myth of Prometheus, the Titan who stole fire from the great gods on Olympus and gave it to man, can be viewed as a dream of aspiration, reflecting the exuberance and almost celestial confidence of the Greeks. The contrasting and contemporary Hebrew story of Job has the opposite meaning: it symbolizes man's submission to a power above himself, cruel and incomprehensible as it may seem to be.

The myth Lucas is drawing upon in *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* is that of the hero who ventures forth into dangerous and unknown territory, who is tempted by his own dark impulses, but who eventually conquers them and emerges victorious. The story thus symbolizes man's ability to control the irrational savage that exists within him and to follow instead the path of justice and love that religions probably were teaching even in the caves from which humanity emerged all those millenniums ago. "Do ye think that ye shall enter the Garden of Bliss without such trials as came to those who passed away before you?" asks the Muslim Holy Book, the Koran.

Antique marble statue of Ulysses

Luke, with Artoo Detoo as his friend and companion, is the unpretentious cinematic heir to a long line of such heroes: Prometheus, Jason, Aeneas, Sir Galahad, John Bunyan's pilgrim. Luke begins his adventure and soon encounters Ben Kenobi, who, as such figures often do in traditional fairy tales and myths, offers advice and the benign protection of destiny. In classical myth such a role was played by Mercury, or Hermes as the Greeks called him; in Egyptian myth the part belonged to Thoth. After Ben is transported to that place where all good Jedi Knights go in *Star Wars*, Yoda takes over his function in *The Empire*.

Following that, however, Luke, like any other such hero, enters what Dante called the dark wood midway in the journey of our life. He must go into it alone and alone face the evils that there reside, the dark forces that are within himself. Yoda knows that, and he tells Luke to leave behind his lightsword when he steps into the tree cave in the Dagobah swamp. Luke refuses and in a dreamlike sequence soon finds himself using it against what seems to be the figure of Darth Vader, whom he decapitates. Vader's mask breaks away and reveals Luke's own face: the symbol of evil was in Luke. Later, when he battles the real Vader, he is again tested, and Vader's evil has a magnetic power that is far more potent than the weapon he carries in his gloved hand. Luke, who is not yet strong or virtuous enough to resist such temptation, escapes only by letting himself fall desperately into the void below.

In the first two sagas of his series, Lucas has thus completed only half of the ancient story of testing and triumph. If he follows the common traditions of mythology and epic history, as he has up to now, Luke will eventually win, and Vader will lose. The larger fight they are engaged in will go on, of course, as long as men exist on earth—or Dagobah—and as long as they continue to invent symbols to cope with adversity and to rein in their own irrational and threatening impulses.

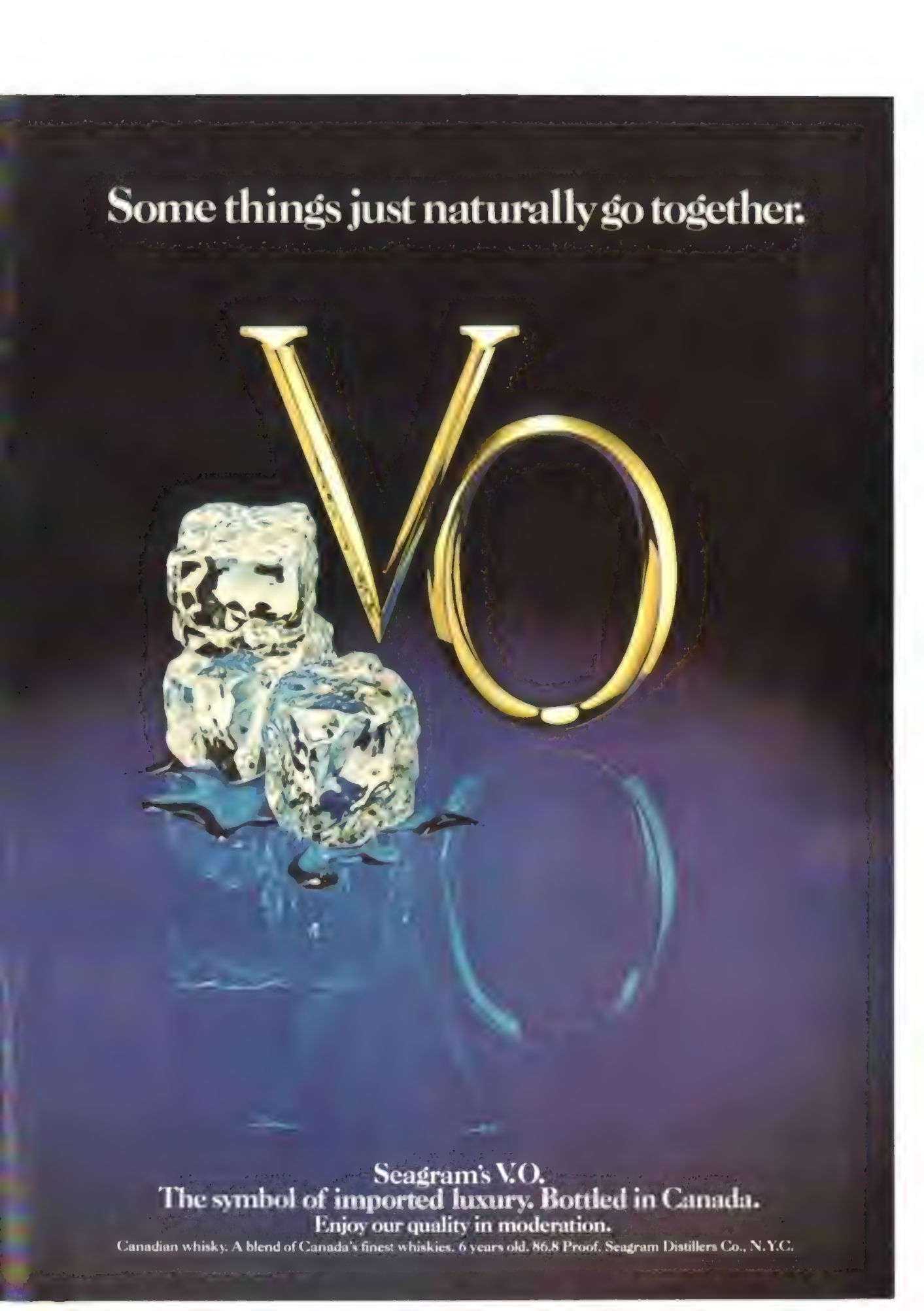
plot lines blur. In the city in the clouds, for instance, Threepio blunders into a group of Imperial storm troopers. But the troopers are never seen, and only later, when the tape of Threepio's last words is automatically played back, does the audience realize what has happened to him. At the film's end, Luke and Leia suddenly find themselves safe aboard a rebel flagship. It will take a good memory—or a second or third viewing, a low rate of return for *Star Wars* cultists—to recall that the ship was supposed to wait for them at a predetermined rendezvous.

Perhaps because Lucas is trying to carry the story into his next "chapter," he has not provided *The Empire* with a true ending. The result is not very satisfying for those who see this picture, however, and one is left with a nagging sense of incompletion, a feeling of being somewhat shortchanged. In the grand design there are to be several connected movies, one leading directly into the other, just as *Star Wars* led into *The Empire*, with an invisible "To Be Continued" at the end of each one. Lucas wants his galactic adventures to go on and on like the Saturday-morning TV serials he loved as a kid. In *Star Wars*, he managed to have both an end and a continuation; in *The Empire* he has only the continuation, and audiences will have to wait for some Saturday three years hence, when the next segment is released.

When *Star Wars* was completed, Lucas, who had been drained by the experience, said that he would let others direct the rest of the series. Kershner was chosen for *The Empire* because Lucas admired his ability to deal with human relationships. Lucas himself seems a little uncomfortable with real actors, and when he was making *American Graffiti*, his wordless style became a friendly gag among the actors. Richard Dreyfuss later joked that he was on the set three weeks before he knew that the director could speak English. While *The Empire* was being made, Lucas showed up at the London studios, where the interiors were shot, only three times. "I'd invite him to stand by the camera," says Kershner, "and he wouldn't. He'd say, 'It's your picture.' Then he'd stand way, way back somewhere, craning his neck." Kershner added his own touches, such as softer, more reflected lighting than the direct light Lucas employed in *Star Wars*. But he was always operating with Lucas' story, and he knew that Lucas, diffident as he was, was looking over his shoulder. If Lucas was in California, a videotape of the rushes was flown from London after each day's shooting.

Almost everyone who creates a fictional world as rich as Lucas' identifies with one or more of his characters. In *Star Wars* there was a lot of Lucas in Luke, the wide-eyed farmboy who was always yearning for bigger things. In *The Empire* Yoda is his alter ego. Yoda's

Some things just naturally go together.



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Passport Scotch.

speeches might almost be called *The Wit and Wisdom of George Lucas*. Like Yoda, Lucas is a devout believer in the Force. Says Lucas: "When you are born, you have an energy field around you. You could call it an aura. An archaic description would be a halo. It is an idea that has gone all the way through history. When you die, your energy field joins all other energy fields in the universe, and while you're still living that larger energy field is sympathetic to your own energy field."

The Force is neutral, and it can be used for good or evil, by Yoda and Ben Kenobi or by Darth Vader. As Luke leaves Yoda to do combat with Vader, both of those old Jedi masters fear that he may be seduced by the dark side of the Force, just as Vader was. The issue is not resolved when the film ends. "The Force has two sides," explains Lucas. "It is not a malevolent or a benevolent thing. It has a bad side to it, involving hate and fear, and it has a good side, involving love, charity, fairness and hope. If you use it well, you can see the future and the past. You can sort of read minds and you can levitate and use that whole netherworld of psychic energy." So far, however, Lucas can do none of those marvelous things.

What he can do is persist and prevail over most obstacles. When he thinks he is right, he is as stubborn as Chewbacca. When Luke doubts that he can raise his spaceship from the swamp, Yoda stamps his foot. "So sure are you?" he demands. "Tried have you? Always with you it can't be done. Hear you nothing that I say? Try not. Do! Do! Or do not. There is no try." Remembering Lucas' childhood, his father, George Lucas Sr., recalls a blank stare when he tried to persuade his son to do something he did not want to do. "Frankly, we just didn't understand George," the elder Lucas confesses. "I'd try to get a point across and he'd just sit there and look at me. I'd just run out of breath. He wouldn't pay any attention."

His father owned a stationery and office-supply store in Modesto, Calif., and George would annoy him by spending most of his time poring over all the comic books on the racks. Let that be a lesson to all those who deride this great American art form: it was the comic books, together with the television serials, that ignited young Lucas' imagination. Says he: "When I was in film school I went back and saw how awful some of those serials were. I began to analyze what in them could have excited me so much as a child, and I realized that they were a form of fantasy much more akin to mythology and fairy tales than anything else. I started getting involved with such stories and wondered what their purpose was in society. I came to the conclusion that the last real fairy tale we had had was the western."

While he was writing the script for *Star Wars*, he read books on mythology, fantasy and anthropology. "I wanted *Star Wars* to have an epic quality," he says, "so I went back to the epics. Whether they are subconscious or unconscious, whatever needs they meet, they are stories that have pleased or provided comfort to people for thousands of years. The basic fears and mysteries go all the way back to the cave men. What is the mystery of life? What is this world we are trapped in? All you have to do is see the possibilities and you can reiterate them."

Both of his space sagas have mythological themes, but, so adroit is Lucas' art, both of them can be enjoyed simply as rousing adventure stories, which they are. "I'm not out to be thought of as an artist," Lucas declares. "It's a big world and everybody doesn't have to be significant. *The Empire* is as complicated as any movie, and it's saying a lot of things. But I don't like to come out with a big sign and say, 'This is significant.' " He adds: "I'm not stopping to explain anything—ever."

Lucas and Director Irvin Kershner discussing a scene on the set of the London studio

"I don't like to come out with a big sign and say, 'This is significant.' "

After the success of *Star Wars*, which cost $10.5 million to make and has so far grossed more than $400 million at box offices worldwide, he does not have to explain anything—ever. After the theater owners took their share, 20th Century-Fox took its piece, and advertising and distribution costs were subtracted, Lucas came away from *Star Wars* with about $51 million on paper, or 40% of the $128 million in net profits. To get the people he wanted, however, he gave away through negotiation a quarter of his profits. Guinness, for example, received, apart from his salary, 2¼% of the film's net—or points, as they are called —which later added up to $2,880,000. Then Lucas, who is remarkably generous, voluntarily gave away another 25% of his profits. Someone like Carrie Fisher, who had been given a salary but no points in her contract, received one-quarter of 1%, or $320,000. Those who worked on the set got a minimum of one-twentieth of 1% ($64,000). Some employees in Lucas' office, who had nothing at all to do with the movie, got a minimum of one two-hundredths of 1% ($6,400). At the end, with other deductions, Lucas came out with somewhere between $22 million and $26 million for himself. When the IRS left, that was reduced to $12 million. That is still a lot of money, but Lucas used just about all of it as collateral to borrow the $22 million ultimately needed to make *The Empire*. He says he kept only $50,000 or so for his own living expenses. "The truth of it is that I'm very overextended right now."

If *The Empire* does even half as well as its predecessor, Lucas has big personal plans for the future. He and his wife Marcia, 34, a top film editor in her own right, have bought 2,000 acres in Marin County, about 50 miles north of San Francisco, where Lucas wants to set up a colony in which young film makers can practice their skills. "I'm trying to develop a place that is designed to stimulate creativity, especially among writers. They will have Monday-morning story conferences, and then we'll let them go off and write, good, bad or indifferent."

Like Disney, all those forgotten men who created the serials he watched and Homer himself, Lucas is basically a storyteller. That is what he does best, that is what he loves, and that is what he will continue to do until the *Star Wars* epic is completed, some time around the year 2000. Until then, may the Force be with him.

— **Gerald Clarke**

Those Tumbling Rates

Recession brings a sudden drop in the high cost of borrowing money

With dramatic suddenness, America's interest-rate fever broke last week. The bench-mark prime rate, the interest that banks charge their best corporate customers, dropped from 20% only four weeks ago to 17½%. The popular $10,000 six-month money-market certificates, which carried Golcondan interest payoffs of 15.7% only six weeks ago, were offering a mere 9.5%. Even mortgage rates took a tumble. California's Home Savings & Loan, the nation's largest thrift institution, dropped its home lending rate from 17.5% to 12.75%. Said Irwin Kellner, chief economist at New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust: "Rates are following a financial version of Newton's law that for every action there is an opposite and equal reaction."

Though interest-rate temperatures were going down, the U.S. economy remained in intensive care. Inflation psychology, which had long led consumers to buy just about anything at any price because of fears that costs would keep rising, seems to have lost its grip. A public increasingly concerned about job security has begun to pull back at the check-out counter. Installment debt rose by only $1.4 billion in March, a 38% drop from the February rate; the consumer confidence index of the Conference Board, a Manhattan-based business study group, reached its lowest level since the 1974-75 recession.

There was a little good news on the inflation front last week. While wholesale prices rose 1.4% in March, they went up only .5% in April, the lowest monthly increase since May 1979. This should result in lower prices for consumers later in the year. But the nation's trade deficit hit a record $12.2 billion during the first quarter of 1980, largely because of higher-priced petroleum and metals imports. Lower American interest rates and a higher trade deficit pushed the dollar, which had shown surprising strength on international money markets until the past month, back down toward its anemic rates of last summer.

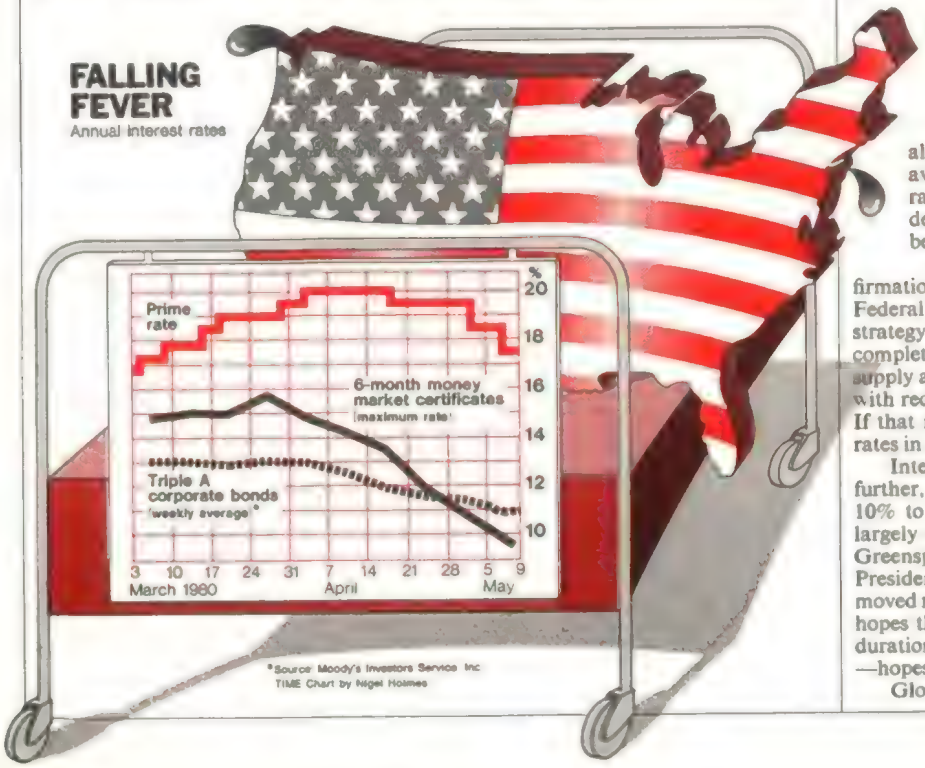
Some financial experts attributed the precipitous decline in interest rates to the Federal Reserve's apparent decision to ease its draconian policy of monetary restraint now that the recession appears to be taking hold. When the nation's money supply declined at an annual rate of 1.6% or $6.2 billion to $382.9 billion in the past three months instead of rising 5% as originally targeted by the Fed, economists thought the central bank might be ready to turn on the money tap once again. This seemed to be confirmed when the Federal Reserve announced that it was dismantling some of the credit control apparatus it had built in March. At that time, the Federal Reserve began charging major banks a three-point interest-rate surcharge on funds they borrowed from it; that levy was eliminated last week. There were also strong expectations that Washington might be preparing to discard the rest of the credit curbs initiated two months ago. Fed Chairman Paul Volcker had been opposed to the measures, which included reserve requirements on new credit-card borrowings and on money-market funds. Observers expected that Volcker would use the first available opportunity, like the recession, to get rid of the limitations.

The nation's central bank denies that it is changing its policy course. It insists that the unprecedented free fall in interest rates is the predictable result of its success in getting a better grip on the money supply. Last fall, when Volcker switched tactics in the attack on inflation and decided to concentrate on controlling the growth of the money supply rather than the level of interest rates, he warned that the rates would rise sharply but then also fall rapidly. With less money available to meet loan demand, rates at first rise. But when credit demand falls off because loans have become so expensive, rates drop.

The declines were seen as confirmation of that prediction. Insisted one Federal Reserve governor last week: "Our strategy for fighting inflation is agreed on completely. We are focusing on money supply as the best way to combine growth with reduced inflation over the long haul. If that means broader swings in interest rates in the short run, so be it."

Interest rates are expected to sink still further, with the prime rate at perhaps 10% to 12% by year's end. This is due largely to the weakening economy. Alan Greenspan, former chief economist for President Ford, observes: "The U.S. has moved rapidly into a severe recession. The hopes that it would be mild and of short duration appear to be precisely that —hopes."

Gloomy businessmen are now bracing



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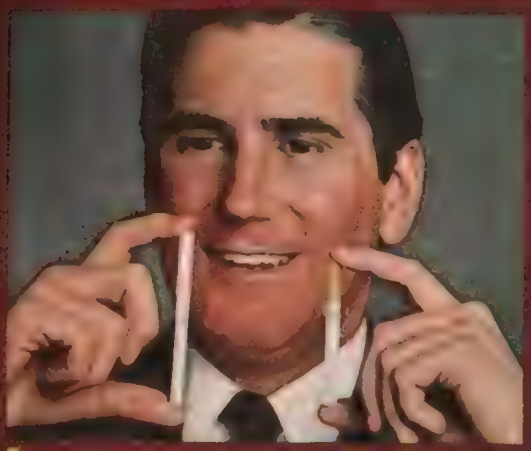

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for an economic downturn as deep as any in the postwar period. They consequently see no need to borrow funds at the still relatively high rates so as to expand capacity or hire new workers. General Electric Chairman Reginald Jones predicts that the prime rate will sink to 12% or 13% before investment picks up. Explains Gilbert Heebner, chief economist at the Philadelphia National Bank: "It was like 20% was some magic threshold. Borrowers simply stopped borrowing. Even small independent businessmen like farmers chose to liquidate their crops rather than borrow money."

A number of savvy corporate treasurers anticipated the Fed's March credit restraints by borrowing heavily in January and February, thus stockpiling enough cash to see them safely through cold economic times. As a result, bank commercial and industrial loans, after going up at an annual rate of 27.6% in January and 26.8% in February, rose a scant .3% in March and then plunged 7.4% in April.

Bankers believe it will also take further drops in interest rates before consumers start taking out more loans. Says Robert W. Renner, chairman of the Citizens State Bank in Hartford City (pop. 8,000), Ind.: "I really think we're going to have to get down to the 12% to 13% range before the typical consumer comes back to see us." The Citizens State Bank last week made only one auto loan at 17.5% interest. A year ago, it was making twelve to 14 such loans a week at 12.5%.

Similarly, consumers are shying away from the mortgage market regardless of lower lending costs. Jack Carlson, chief economist of the National Association of Realtors, says that the largest group of borrowers deserted the home-buying market when rates went above 14% and will not return until interest goes back below that level. Currently, mortgage money costs approximately 15% across the country.

Despite last week's slide in the cost of money, the Federal Reserve will remain under heavy pressure to stimulate the economy by returning to an easy money policy. As concern with growing unemployment (current rate: 7%) begins to replace the country's obsession with inflation, the Fed will need all its vaunted independence to resist political pressure. Says Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro: "Volcker's program is successful. The risk now is that politicians will do damn fool things to win an election rather than solve the inflation. If that occurs, the whole recession process will have been a waste." Returning too quickly to a stimulative money policy would only assure that the next round of inflation will be even higher than the current level, a disastrous 18%. One measure of how exploding expenses are affecting Americans: maintaining a moderate standard of living for a typical family of four in New York City now costs a cool $23,000-plus a year. ■

Why-o, Why-o Sohio?

An oil firm incurs the regulators' wrath by cutting prices

Those irrepressible regulators at the Department of Energy were caught last week with red tape all over their faces. Firing off a fusillade of contradictory rulings over the past two weeks, they first ordered Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) to raise its gasoline prices immediately by 10¢ per gal., then reversed themselves and ordered the increase rescinded, and finally proposed that Sohio add the extra 10¢ per gal. by early July.

For the past few months Sohio has been selling gasoline at its 2,500 stations, including Boron and BP outlets in twelve states, for about 10¢ per gal. less than the going rate at competing stations. Sohio, the nation's 13th largest oil company, was able to keep its price down because it was one of the companies involved in the discovery of Alaska's North Slope oil. Under the complicated system of fees charged by the DOE, Sohio pays only $17.88 per bbl. for Alaskan oil, compared with $24.81 that various companies pay for crude from other areas. Federal regulations, however, limit Sohio's profits. Result: the company had no choice but to lower its prices. Drivers bludgeoned by high fuel costs naturally raced to buy the cheaper Sohio gas. In some cities early this month, customers were queuing up at 6 in the morning to purchase regular for $1.01, unleaded for $1.05 and premium for $1.08. Sohio's competitors, who under DOE regulations had been pumping gasoline for at least a dime a gallon more, were devastated.

But last month, a group of 94 unaffiliated dealers calling themselves Ohio Independents for Survival filed a complaint with DOE's Office of Hearings and Appeals. After a speedy review, the department ordered Sohio to raise its prices 10¢ per gal. to more nearly equal the prices charged by the independents. Top White House officials, worried about the impact the ruling might have on Ohio voters in that state's June 3 presidential primary, expressed their displeasure to DOE. The department then quickly overruled the Office of Hearings and Appeals decision and reversed the reversal. It is now considering two proposals that would raise the fees of North Slope Alaskan crude. Both would hike gasoline prices for refiners like Sohio but would lower prices for others. Meanwhile, Sohio has already raised gasoline prices a nickel a gallon.

At the root of the Sohio confusion is the DOE's Kafkaesque "entitlements" system, which dates back to the first 1973-74 OPEC oil price increases, and attempts to equalize the cost of crude to all oil refiners. Firms buying cheap domestic oil are taxed a certain amount for being "entitled" to acquire inexpensive crude. That money is then given back to refiners who import expensive OPEC oil and to refiners who use expensive uncontrolled domestic oil. The program, in effect, subsidizes imported oil at a time when official Government policy is to discourage imports. Though North Slope oil is domestic, the cost of building and operating the Alaska pipeline makes the crude relatively expensive to transport, so the Government treated it as something between domestic and foreign.

Despite the temporary reprieve for Sohio customers, they and drivers all over the nation will face a new price increase this week. The gasoline conservation fee announced by President Carter in March is scheduled to hit the pumps about May 15. The fee would raise the cost of gasoline at the pump another 10¢ per gal. ■

Competitors complained, but the cheap gas attracted long lines at pumps in Lakewood, Ohio

A bureaucratic burlesque of energy price controls ends the bonanza.

Blue Collars in the Board Room

At Chrysler the U.A.W.'s Fraser prepares to become a director

When Chrysler shareholders gather this week for the beleaguered automaker's annual meeting at the Clock Tower Inn outside Rockford, Ill., they are expected to ratify a historic change in the management of American corporations. Among the 20 nominees for the board of directors is Douglas A. Fraser, 63, president of the United Auto Workers union. Never before has a representative of Big Labor joined the board of a major U.S. company.

Fraser's all but certain election by Chrysler's 213,158 shareholders is part of a deal worked out between the auto company and its workers to help the ailing auto company. Last fall the U.A.W. agreed to defer $203 million in wages and benefits in exchange for Fraser's appointment to the board of directors.

Whether a union voice in Chrysler management will have much effect on the company's desperate fight for survival is far from certain. Last Saturday, following all-night talks with Canadian officials in Toronto and extended negotiations in Washington, Chrysler finally tied up all the elements of its rescue plan. The company obtained a total Canadian contribution of $210 million in government-insured loans, which completed the conditions Congress had set out for approving $1.5 billion in U.S.-guaranteed loans. The money for the automaker is sorely needed. Chrysler's new-car sales were off 42% last month, and the firm lost a catastrophic $449 million during this year's first quarter.

A seat on the Chrysler board is a major milestone for the U.A.W., which organized auto-industry workers 45 years ago after a series of bloody picket-line battles with the major car companies. Nonetheless, Fraser's appointment has drawn little support from either corporate executives or other labor union leaders. Scoffed General Motors Chairman Thomas A. Murphy: "It makes as much sense as having a member of GM's management sitting on the board of an international union." Some rank-and-file members of Fraser's own union remain suspicious about his getting too close to management. "I'm afraid it's a sellout," said Maye Lean Amos, a sewing-machine operator at Chrysler's Detroit auto-trim plant. Some union leaders meeting in Washington last week for their regular spring session were sympathetic to the "special circumstances" of Fraser's appointment. But most supported AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland, who says that workers are best represented "through the collective bargaining process and the adversary system that it represents."

The roughhewn Auto Workers' chief makes his point during hearings in Washington

A deal that may modify the adversary relationship between management and labor.

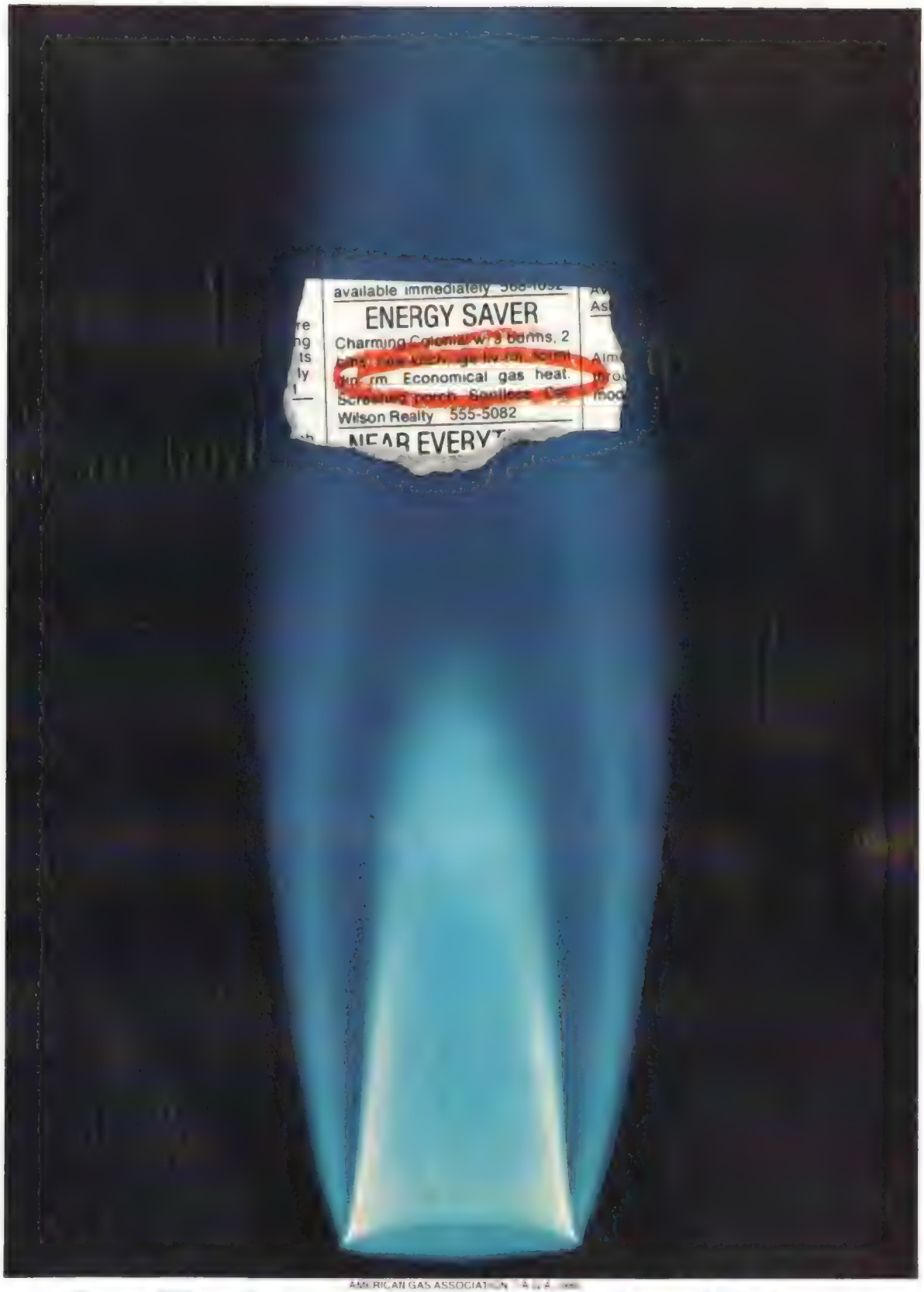
Fraser, a tall, roughhewn man who began his union career while loading fenders for Chrysler in a De Soto plant in 1935, has a broad view of his new job. He intends to use his seat as a "pulpit of advocacy." In an unusual statement to Chrysler shareholders in this year's proxy statement, Fraser said he plans an active part in discussions on nearly all topics, including worker health and safety, plant closings, new products and major investments. But he says that he will not participate in any company discussions on pay negotiations. Says Fraser: "I believe my activities will advance the interests of the broad Chrysler community—shareholders, workers, suppliers, dealers, consumers and the public."

That is an unusual view of a company director's duties, and some experts in business law argue that it might even be legally vulnerable. In Delaware, where Chrysler is registered as a corporation, the law requires directors to have "undivided loyalty to the corporation." Chairman Lee Iacocca has pointedly stated that Fraser will be joining the board as an individual and not as a U.A.W. representative. But Harvard Law Professor Vern Countryman warns: "If certain Chrysler stockholders wanted to raise the point, they could create some trouble." As of week's end there were no indications that the point would be raised.

Nonetheless, Fraser is likely to find himself torn between his responsibility to the company and his loyalties to his union members. A board decision to close a plant, for example, might be necessary to ensure Chrysler's survival but could be denounced by union workers faced with losing their jobs. Confidential information will have to be closely guarded. And many skeptics worry about any tampering with the traditional arm's-length relationship between management and labor. Says Murray Weidenbaum, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The consumer in me worries about any variation in the corporate state."

Despite these concerns, there is sound precedent for giving an auto-union leader a seat at the director's table. In West Germany, union officials for years have had a role in determining corporate decisions under a system called *Mitbestimmung*, or codetermination. Under this arrangement, West German union representatives in 1976 agreed to Volkswagen's decision to build assembly plants in the U.S. after they were convinced it would ensure the firm's survival and their own jobs in the long run, even though it meant limited union jobs at home. Says VW Chairman Toni Schmücker: "I don't claim to tell other people how to run their companies. But in my time here at Volkswagen, in the atmosphere of this company, codetermination has worked."

The auto industry clearly needs help in settling critical labor issues as it struggles to upgrade the quality of cars and to replace its gas guzzlers with a new generation of fuel-efficient models. Moreover, Fraser's new post could prove a trail blazer for management-labor relations in other American industries, ensuring that the worker's viewpoint gets an adequate hearing at executive levels. Says he: "Maybe the adversary relationship is precisely what is wrong with the American labor movement." In any case, Fraser's trial run in Chrysler's red brick headquarters in Highland Park, Mich., will certainly have an impact far beyond that troubled company. ■



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King Coal: Ready to Reign Again

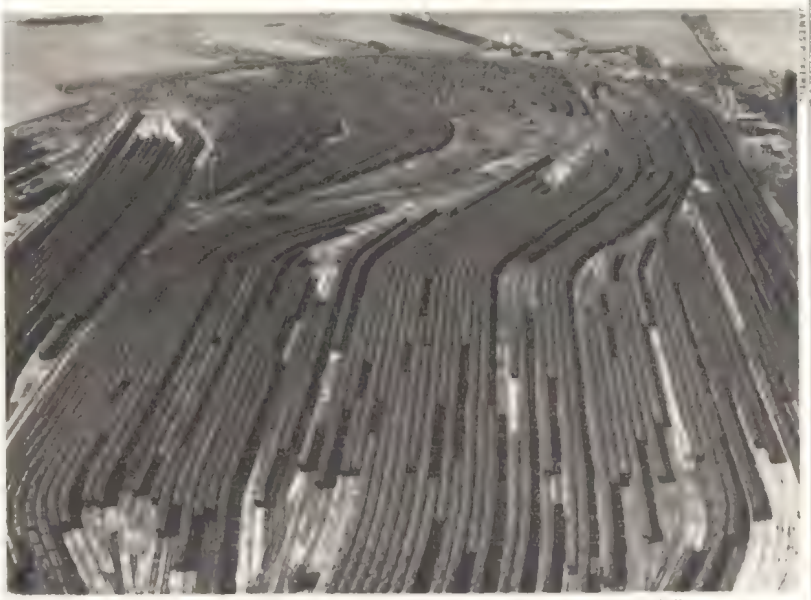
An M.I.T. study sees it picking up the slack as oil runs out

Ever since he presented his national energy plan in April 1977, Jimmy Carter has been arguing that coal is the fuel of the future for the U.S. The Saudi Arabia of coal, America sits atop 25% of the world's known reserves of the black rock. The President's 1977 plan called for a 75% jump in production by 1985 to 1.2 billion tons annually. Yet as of last year output had climbed to only 770 million tons, and the National Coal Association estimates that the industry will produce only 972 million tons by 1985. Now, at long last, the restoration of King Coal to its former preeminence is getting some distinguished, and badly needed, nonpartisan support.

This week the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will release a 247-page study titled *Coal—Bridge to the Future*. The report optimistically concludes that the fuel can supply from half to two-thirds of all the additional energy needed by the world between now and the year 2000. Moreover, the study argues that the U.S. should play the pivotal role in helping to meet this demand, which will require tripling worldwide coal production during the next 20 years.

The report is the result of an intensive 18-month global effort by energy experts, economists, business leaders and government officials in 16 different countries, ranging from Japan to Poland. Their mission: to go beyond well-known and rather dry tallies of world reserves and calculate just how much coal consumption will actually grow if worldwide petroleum production begins dropping, as expected, in the late 1980s.

Unlike an earlier M.I.T. study, *Energy: Global Prospects 1985-2000*, which was released in 1977 and featured a pessimistic but very accurate appraisal of world petroleum supplies, the coal report is almost uniformly upbeat. It maps out an array of broad new trade patterns likely to emerge between the industrial and developing worlds as coal moves into greater use. International trade in coal, which already exceeds $10 billion annually, should surge by anywhere from ten to 15 times during the next 20 years, with nearly 40% of all coal exports coming from the U.S. Among the major projected customers for the fuel: France, Italy and Japan.



The U.S.'s pivotal energy role: the black rock waiting to be shipped out of Norfolk

"At present prices, coal is becoming the world's energy bargain par excellence."

But many tough issues must still be resolved before that rosy future arrives. Expanded use of coal has long been blocked by the problems of mining, moving and burning it. For one thing, no one really knows what the long-range effect on the environment will be of sharply stepped up coal use in the decades ahead. Moreover, the price tag for coal development will be staggering: about $1 trillion worldwide to dig the mines and then build the necessary trains, ports and other transportation facilities. The U.S. coal industry's feisty, strike-prone, 230,000-member United Mine Workers Union, which crippled Eastern U.S. mines for 110 days during the winter of 1977-78, has also created doubts among potential customers about whether supplies would be available when needed.

The M.I.T. study, however, concludes that many of coal's problems will be solved by the simple economics of energy. Since the beginning of 1979 the basic OPEC cost of crude oil has leaped from $12.70 to $30 per bbl., or the energy equivalent of about $144 per ton for coal. Yet American coal costs only about $35 per ton to mine. Pollution-control regulations increase the cost of using coal. In the U.S., which has strict and expensive environmental standards for burning coal, the added cost is about $25 per ton. Thus, even including all environmental and transportation costs, coal is now roughly 60% cheaper than oil. Says M.I.T. Professor Carroll L. Wilson, director of the study: "At present prices, coal is becoming the world's energy bargain par excellence, for no matter how stiff the environmental standards in effect in any country, the fuel will still remain substantially cheaper, more plentiful and more reliable than petroleum." ■

Classy Rings

Some cheaper sentiment

West Point cadets started the practice of wearing gold class rings in 1835. But in recent years, high school and college students around the country have exchanged such rings as a symbol of "going steady." Now the price of the precious yellow metal is killing that golden tradition. Only about 40% of the estimated 2.5 million class rings expected to be sold this year will be gold. With the price of men's college rings at $200 or more, and women's at about $135, thrifty young lovers are turning to cheaper sentiment—stainless-steel rings, costing $50 to $100.

Last year, when the price of gold skyrocketed, leading class-ring companies were ready with nickel, chrome and stainless-steel substitutes. In an attempt to retain some glamour, manufacturers have given the alloys exotic trade names like Ultrium and Siladium. Salesmen now proudly point out that the gold substitutes resist tarnish or dents and will not leave rings around the finger. Says R. Lyman Wood, group vice president of Lenox Inc., an industry leader: "You can drop it or step on it. You can even wear it playing football."

Manufacturers are also seeking to get back some of the old rings because of the value of their gold. Ohio State's campus bookstore this month is offering $68.95 for a man's ten-carat gold ring if the money is used toward the purchase of a $95 Lustrium number. But if civilians are switching to stainless-steel bands, West Point cadets are not trading in their tradition. And at more than $300 apiece this year, their rings rival Montezuma's own. ■

NBC's Retreat from Moscow

The network gives up its Olympic gold—$70 million worth

Just thinking about the summer of 1980 used to make NBC proud as a peacock. For 17 days beginning July 18, millions of Americans would be glued to their television sets, watching NBC's coverage of the Moscow Olympics. The figures were dazzling: 1,210 commercial minutes spread over 152½ hours of programming, advertising revenues of $170 million. What is more, a promotional blitz during the Games could give the network's fall lineup a rousing send-off. Surveying his prospects a year ago, NBC President Fred Silverman predicted that the network would be in a "leadership position by Christmas of 1980."

But last week NBC was more sparrow than peacock. Edgar H. Griffiths, chairman of parent company RCA, told stockholders at their annual meeting that NBC would not be televising the Games "because the U.S. team is not scheduled to participate and because the President of the United States has so desired this to be the stance we take." The decision was expected, but it was sobering nonetheless. All told, the cancellation could cost NBC up to $70 million in lost profits and out-of-pocket expenses.

TV sports junkies are sure to be demoralized. They will have to settle for snippets on regular news programs, although ABC is likely to beef up its Moscow bureau so that it can give additional Olympic coverage. There is only an outside chance that a cable-television company could try to buy the rights if the Soviets formally charge NBC with breaching its contract.

The blow to NBC was softened somewhat by the insurance purchased from Lloyd's of London four years ago against just such an eventuality. The company is covered for 90% of the $87 million it agreed to pay the Soviet Union and the International Olympic Committee for television rights and technical facilities. Since it has ponied up $70 million so far, this means it should recoup $63 million. Uninsured losses include $30 million spent on training of personnel, travel to Moscow and promotion; $1 million paid to a West German middleman, Lothar Bock, for helping NBC win the broadcast rights; and $4 million worth of insurance premiums. Ad profits for the network and its five owned and operated stations will be $20 million to $30 million less than they would have been with the Olympics. NBC expects to recover the $4 million worth of recording gear, video machinery and cameras that it already sent to Moscow.

The Moscow Olympic boycott could not have come at a more inopportune time for NBC. The network has been deep in the ratings cellar for the past five years, and pretax profits have slid from $152.6 million in 1977 to $106 million last year. Silverman, "the man with the golden gut," has been able to raise NBC's ratings only marginally during his two-year tenure. When he was programming chief at ABC, he promoted his prime-time shows heavily during the 1976 Olympics, and the network grabbed the ratings lead in January 1977. ABC's profits before taxes jumped spectacularly, from $17 million in 1975 to $110 million in 1977. Silverman was hoping for a repeat of that Olympian performance this year. Says Charles Bachrach, senior vice president at the advertising firm of Ogilvy & Mather: "With a bit of decent programming and the expected push from the Olympics, Freddie might have made good on his goal of reaching No. 1 by this Christmas. But the way things look now, he doesn't have a chance."

To plug the gaping hole in its summer schedule, NBC is jerry-building a schedule of reruns, specials and movies. "I would have to think it would be nothing extraordinary," says a network spokesman. "I don't think there will be much original programming." Griffiths traced a silver lining at the annual meeting: "We are very hopeful that we will sell this time at a very good price because the other networks are sold out and it is a convention year, and there is advertising money to be spent that had been earmarked for the Olympics."

Even with its huge losses, NBC is not getting much sympathy in broadcasting circles. The competition for the Moscow TV rights was an unseemly affair marked by double-dealing, broken promises, and the machinations of mysterious intermediaries. NBC finally won out by striking a bargain with the shadowy Bock, who initially was CBS's agent in the negotiations. He had been paid a cool $1.7 million and had the Games virtually locked up for the network. But CBS pulled out at the last minute, saying it was appalled by the Soviets' deviousness during the bargaining. Bock then offered the Olympics to NBC, in return for $1 million up front and production contracts totaling $8 million more.

As for the Soviets, they have happily pocketed NBC's cash and are pushing ahead with their own television plans. They will not have the benefit of NBC's slow-motion replays and freeze frames, but they say they are going all out with 70 mobile units and satellite transmissions to Cuba, Viet Nam and Mongolia. "They have 250 television cameras reserved for the Olympics," wisecracked an American expert on Soviet communications. "With luck, 50 of them will work." ■

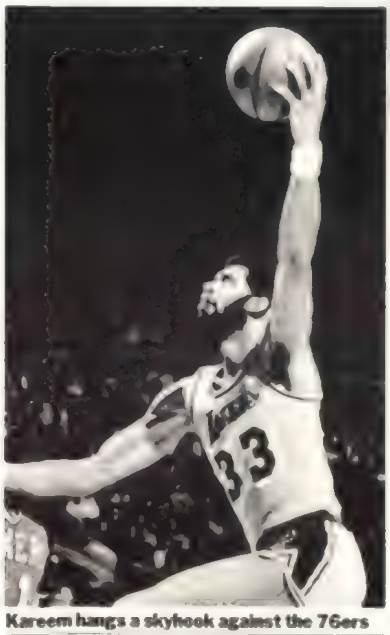
The Big Guy Meets the Doctor

Basketball's twin titans face off in the finals

The program books and bright marquees spell out the official version of the 1980 National Basketball Association championship series: the Los Angeles Lakers *vs.* the Philadelphia 76ers. But basketball fans across the country know that the real name of these final games is: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar *vs.* Julius Erving. No matter what the outcome, the 1980 championship will be remembered as the long awaited meeting of the Big Guy and the Doctor.

For nearly a decade, such a showdown has been the stuff of a hoop fan's dreams. Abdul-Jabbar, the N.B.A.'s five-time Most Valuable Player, the compleat center whose size (7 ft. 2 in.) does not diminish his grace. Julius Erving, the flashy, 6-ft. 6-in. forward from the now defunct A.B.A., whose rafter-clearing leaps and fluid moves earned him the sobriquet Dr. J (as in, watch him operate). Only after a merger of the warring leagues and four years of playoff eliminations did Abdul-Jabbar's Lakers dominate the West and Erving's 76ers conquer the East.

But the wait has proved worth it. This season, each man has been able to raise his game to a new professional level and, after years of conflict off-court, find new tranquillity in his personal life. Abdul-Jabbar's season was another notch in a consistently exceptional career. His lifetime average after eleven years as a pro: 28.3 points, 14.4 rebounds, 4.4 assists.



Kareem hangs a skyhook against the 76ers

"He was E.F. Hutton. Everybody listened."

Rookie of the year with the Milwaukee Bucks, he earned the first of his five M.V.P. trophies the next year, leading the Bucks to the N.B.A. title. New Laker Owner Jerry Buss renegotiated his contract at the start of the season (an estimated $1 million annually for four years) and acquired three power forwards, among them Starter Jim Chones, to liberate Kareem from the nightly double-teaming and pounding under the boards that had sapped his energy and enthusiasm in the past.

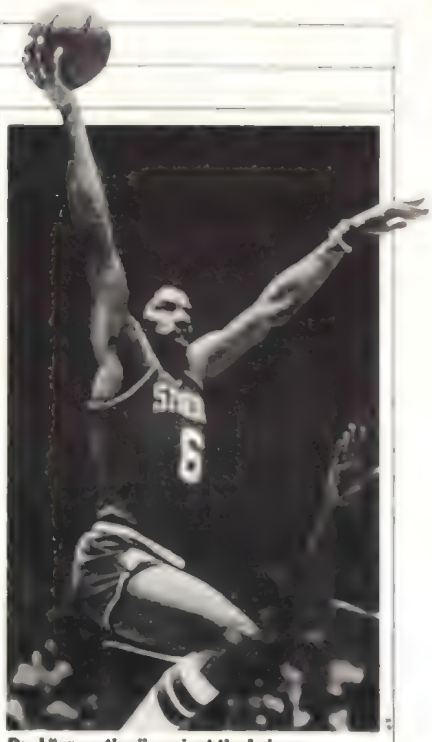
Off-court, Abdul-Jabbar and his wife Habiba are getting divorced after seven years of separation. While he still has some connections with the Hanafi Muslims in Washington, D.C., he has rid himself of the house where seven of them were murdered in 1973. Once among the most reclusive of superstars, Abdul-Jabbar is now seen about the town more often, skating at a roller disco or dining with friends.

The new, relaxed Abdul-Jabbar has emerged as the Lakers' leader in the locker room as well as on the court. After his teammates turned in a lackadaisical first half against the Seattle Supersonics during the playoffs, he delivered "my first-ever locker-room talk. Most of it was a lot of expletives deleted." Whatever the content, it worked; the Lakers won the game by six points. Recalls Magic Johnson, Los Angeles' marvelous rookie guard: "He was E.F. Hutton. Everybody listened."

In Philadelphia, meanwhile, everyone has begun to listen to Erving. A soaring magician who could seemingly leave the floor at mid-court and glide like a bird of prey to the backboard, he joined the 76ers from the A.B.A. for a record $3.5 million in 1976. But Erving found an overtalented team of prima donnas who were loathe to give him the ball and shunned him off-court as well.

For three seasons, he showed only flashes of his legendary form (he was M.V.P. of the All-Star game his first year in the N.B.A.). Last year he was left off the league's official All-Star team for the first time in his career. His pride stung, Erving came roaring back. He averaged 26.9 points this season, his best in the N.B.A., added 355 assists and blocked 140 shots. In one computer survey, he was rated the most productive and consistent player in the league. "I thought the reputation I had built up over all these years was slipping away," Erving said of his turnaround. "It is important to me to be recognized as one of the best players in the game."

Equally important, 76er management traded away two of the team's bigger ball hogs, George McGinnis and Lloyd Free, then moved 7-ft. Center Caldwell Jones to forward to ease Erving's rebounding burden. Freed at last to work his moves on the outside and levitate past foot-tangled defenders, Erving became the Dr. J of old. After he scored a career-high 44 points against Houston, Rockets Coach Del Harris said: "You couldn't have stopped him with a hockey stick. We had a whole committee of people on him, and they couldn't begin to slow him down."



Dr. J "operating" against the Lakers

"Couldn't stop him with a hockey stick."

Erving has also begun making friends with his new teammates, hanging out with them in coffee shops when the club is on the road. He attributes the change to a family reunion last summer in New York City. There, with more than 300 members of the Erving clan, Dr. J explored his roots and the responsibility of his unique place within the family circle. Says Erving: "I got a lot of strength and determination and peace from them."

Thus the rejuvenated superstars headed for their celebrated showdown. In the first two games in the best-of-seven championship series, the men and their teams played to a standoff. With Abdul-Jabbar pouring in 33 points and sweeping up 14 rebounds, the Lakers won the first game, 109-102. Next it was Erving's, and the Sixers', turn. He had 23 points and seven assists with five blocked shots, two of them against Abdul-Jabbar himself. As the teams headed for Philadelphia for the weekend, fans savored the sight of Abdul-Jabbar's skyhook and Erving's skywalking. It was turning out to be, as admirers had believed all along, a dream confrontation come true. ■

Painting by Wilson McLean

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Dance

In perfect form, Merrill Ashley and Ib Andersen fly through a sequence of *Ballade*

A *Ballade* to Celebrate . . .

-Balanchine returns to choreography

The merest suggestion that he has been away makes him bristle. "For eight hours only" is the retort, that being the length of his 1979 heart bypass surgery. But though he continued to supervise the New York City Ballet, for two years George Balanchine, now 76, was too weak to create new works. The operation restored his vigor, making 1980 a joyful spring for his company. There are two new Balanchine creations on the schedule. *Ballade*, to music by Gabriel Fauré, received its premiere last Thursday; next month a dance to Schumann's *Davidsbündlertänze* will be introduced.

Ballade is a short, lyrical work. The movement is fast and flowing, much of it simple steps done at shimmering speeds. At times Balanchine seems to be nodding to the Fokine of *Les Sylphides*, with its undulating, remote, yet sweet-natured images. *Ballade* is a series of solos and pas de deux for a ballerina (Merrill Ashley) and her partner (Ib Andersen, taking over

Amid a swirling storm of tribute from the balconies, Lucia Chase takes a rare solo bow

. . . And a Fond Family Affair

A.B.T. hosts a festive hail and farewell

There was a more traditional celebration across Lincoln Center, at the Metropolitan Opera House, where the American Ballet Theater put on a 40th anniversary gala evening. A.B.T. does this sort of thing every five years or so for fun and fund raising, but this gathering had special meaning: it marked the 35th year that Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith have directed the troupe; in September Mikhail Baryshnikov will replace them.

Chase has long been the dominant force behind the big, ambitious and at times unwieldy company with its temperamental stars and eclectic repertory. Choreographer Agnes de Mille remarked that "Lucia is nine-tenths granite," probably an accurate assessment, but a side of Chase that the public did not see. Formerly a ballerina, she became a self-effacing impressario who stayed out of the spotlight, gave insipid interviews when talking at all, and quietly went on ordering up the baling wire to keep A.B.T going.

Thus it was an odd sight to see not

for the injured Sean Lavery) with a corps of ten girls (among the greenest and most endearing in the company). The couple move together, chastely, warmly, and then separate serenely.

For Andersen, 25, City Ballet's newest principal dancer, *Ballade* is a considerable prize. He has just arrived from the Royal Danish Ballet. He has the speed and technique necessary to work with Balanchine, and an impish, faun-like appeal that captured his audience at once.

But the ballet could really be called "Further Reflections on Merrill Ashley," for she is its center. Now 27, she has become an allegro dancer without peer. Balanchine explored her gifts in *Ballo della Regina* (1978), an intricate bravura piece that Ashley danced with ebullience and clarity. At the time, she was also struggling with the baffling stillnesses of *Emeralds* and the adagio style demanded in, say, *Swan Lake*. Neither came easily to her, but she kept working—on her head and arms, which tended to be stiff, and on amplitude of phrasing. She has learned: to be pliant, to be charming, even a little mysterious.

When Balanchine came back, he came back first to her. Candid to a fault, Ashley reports that he told her, " 'I think we make something beautiful for you!' Beautiful, I thought. What does he mean? But now I see that *Ballade* is an exercise to help me grow lyrically." Despite a slight case of nerves at the opening, Ashley did the "beautiful" dancing that the world's greatest living choreographer imagined and made for her.

Balanchine of course had other aims in mind. The Fauré attracted him because he saw "beautiful color and atmosphere. I think of perfume, of Baudelaire's *Les fleurs du mal*, of Proust's *A l'ombre de jeunes filles en fleurs*." *Ballade* fulfills a practical objective too. While Balanchine was ill, *Tricolore* (the French section of his trilogy *Entente Cordiale*) was hastily tacked together by others to meet a fund raising deadline. The show flopped. Now Balanchine is redoing it, first with *Ballade* and later with a ballet to music by Chabrier. He will have used his costumes, made a gesture of gratitude to the donors of *Tricolore* and achieved a complete *Entente Cordiale* (the other parts are hits: *Union Jack* and *Stars and Stripes*).

Balanchine and Ashley take a bow

Students of the mysterious.

He is working now on the Schumann, which is really 18 brief pieces. Says the choreographer: "I wanted to do Schumann long ago, but I waited. When you are young, you are not advanced mechanically. Then you get better. Finally, it takes time to understand that you are ready to do it."

Besides choreography, Balanchine works on everything from posters to hairpieces. He must always compensate for emergencies and injuries; the company is hard-hit right now. On the night of the *Ballade* premiere, both men who dance *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*, also on the program, could not perform. The company got a little help from an old friend, Mikhail Baryshnikov. Watching him cavort through the part, one could not help thinking that he, as much as any other dancer, suffered lost opportunities because of Balanchine's illness.

But no dancer is indispensable to the company, as its leader never tires of saying. He works with the artists he has, and he demonstrates exactly what he wants them to do. Says Karin von Aroldingen, for whom he has created many parts: "He shows every movement. He cannot use a move unless he knows what it feels like. It must go through his body before he can impart it to us." Or as Balanchine puts it, "I am the mother in this world of dance."

— ***Martha Duffy***

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one but ten Lucia Chases onstage at the close of a three-hour show that mixed short excerpts and *pas de deux* with bows by beloved former dancers like Irina Baronova, Muriel Bentley, Sono Osato, Nora Kaye, Annabelle Lyon, Violette Verdy. Against a deeply shadowed backdrop, Chase seemed to appear in her old roles: actually dancers were costumed as the young girl who dances the prelude in *Les Sylphides*, the greedy virgin in *Three Virgins and a Devil*, the doll in *Petrouchka*, the Columbine in *Carnaval*, the eldest sister in *Pillar of Fire*, the stepmother in *Fall River Legend*, Juno in *The Judgment of Paris*, the fourth song in *Dark Elegies*, Queen Clementine in *Bluebeard* and the regal imperious Mother to such Princes in *Swan Lake* as Rudolf Nureyev and Anthony Dowell.

The tribute was imaginative and moving, and was a fair précis of the achievements of Chase and Smith at A.B.T. The company has kept alive the full-length classics, like *Swan Lake, Giselle, The Sleeping Beauty*. This season it will present Natalia Makarova's staging of the complete *La Bayadère*, one of Russian Choreographer Marius Petipa's influential creations, a ballet virtually unknown in the U.S. except for the famous last act. Similarly, the works of Fokine (*Petrouchka, Les Sylphides, Firebird*) are preserved in authentic stagings and style.

A.B.T. also encouraged innovation. In the '40s Jerome Robbins capered through *Fancy Free*. De Mille created *Three Virgins* and *Fall River Legend*, and Antony Tudor made dance dramas like *Pillar of Fire*. More recently A.B.T. has performed works by Eliot Feld and Glen Tetley and reaped a huge hit in Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove*. Chase has nurtured Americans like Cynthia Gregory and welcomed the Soviet comets, Nureyev, Makarova, Baryshnikov. The newest arrival, Alexander Godunov, hurled himself through the rousing pas de deux from *Le Corsaire* as a highlight of the gala.

Godunov leaps at A.B.T. gala

The newest Soviet comet.

Not all the A.B.T. dancing has been inspired or even precise; the company's relentless touring schedule alone would preclude that. The corps is capable of disciplined ensemble work and, on other occasions, some ragged footwork and wayward arms. The star system provides Americans with standard-setting performances, but not even Chase can always find a way to make virtuosos like Makarova, Gregory and Gelsey Kirkland flourish in harmony—or even appear in the same city.

At curtain time, there was the usual clutter of telegrams. One began, "Rosalynn and I." A message from Baryshnikov, who was in Paris, burbled on to his "Lushinka." Then the real Lucia Chase finally appeared (only she knows how old she is, but she looked effervescent and radiant in a fluffy pink dress). Alone in the spotlight, she seemed ill at ease and quickly beckoned all the dancers out from the wings. She hugged old comrades and youngsters just up from the corps. Later she likened them all to her clan. Said she: "The 40th anniversary gala was genuinely one of the most joyous occasions this family has ever known. There was history, there was fun, there was sentiment, there was love. I never thought in 1945 that Oliver Smith and I would be directors more than temporarily. But that was 35 years ago. Those 35 years have brought me a kind of professional enjoyment that no sad moment, no difficult time, has clouded. It hasn't always been easy, but the company has grown and developed, and what more can any family ask for?" ■

California's Bay Area teachers prepare writing lessons for grade school pupils

The Righting of Writing

From kindergarten on up, Americans are wrestling with the word

The first time that Third-Grader Brian wrote a paper for his writing class in Atkinson, N.H., it began like this: "I have a problem with my ribs. If I get hurt on my left side I can't breathe." Prodded to think it out more carefully by his teacher, University of New Hampshire Education Professor Donald Graves, Brian realized he was trying to describe a past event, not a current pain. On his second attempt he wrote: "Once when I was in second grade, I was on a seesaw and fell off! I can't breathe!" Better, but Brian still had mixed up a past and a present tense. After another chat with Graves, he decided to carry his readers directly, and grammatically, back to the scene of his accident. This time he began his paper: "I couldn't talk! I was trying to say, 'I can't breathe!' "

Not fancy, perhaps, but each of Brian's successive drafts was clearer, better punctuated, more vivid and more conscious of his reader. These are the main goals of Graves, who, with a $240,000 grant from the National Institute of Education, teaches writing to elementary school pupils in a style more like that of a working editor than a stern grammarian. The experiment is part of a wave of writing reform that is sweeping through schools, colleges and businesses all over the U.S. In the age of talk shows, tape recorders, telephonitis and declining educational standards, the clearly written word is swiftly becoming a lost art. The many new courses attempting to correct that drift are concerned not with "creative" writing but with something almost as rare: clear, usable, everyday prose.

A notable step was taken in 1978, when Congress added writing to the list of topics eligible for Government grants. In the past year, requests for applications to get federal help for basic skills training soared from about 2,000 a year to 14,000. Last year the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) doled out $2.4 million for projects to improve writing, double the amount of the year before.

In Detroit, the high school system has introduced writing proficiency tests for graduates. All Detroit high school courses now require students to write at least two compositions a month. Ohio schools are offering Young Authors programs, including publication of student writing and conferences at which they can discuss their work. More than 200,000 students from grades 1 through 12 in 35 states are engaged in the Individualized Language Arts program, funded by the Government. I.L.A. students meet two or three times a week, write short paragraphs on the same assigned topic, read them aloud, discuss possible improvements and then revise, often at greater length. The Bay Area Writing Project has spread from Berkeley, Calif., to 74 communities around the country. Its aim is to teach writing teachers how to teach writing. All sorts of methods are used, including the rewriting for clarity of long sentences by William Faulkner.

The academic assault on bad writing is strongest, and most varied, in the nation's colleges. "The buck is finally stopping with us," says William N. Free, a vice president at the University of Toledo. This semester, with 43 other top-level college administrators, Free attended a two-day workshop sponsored by the University of Iowa's Institute on Writing.

In some ways Iowa is the nerve center of writing reform and the source of

A Pox on "Medicant"

To many doctors, a headache is "cephalalgia." Itching is "pruritus." Swallowing is "deglutition." Professionals tend to view such words as tools of the trade and an aid to precise speech. But Lois DeBakey, a professor of scientific communication at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, thinks that technical jargon not only alienates patients but masks fuzzy thinking.

In seminars and with a traveling lecture entitled "Please, Doctor, Watch Your Language," DeBakey (sister of Heart Surgeon Michael DeBakey) campaigns against "medicant," her term for the linguistic disease that afflicts physicians. Lois and her sister Selma, who is also on the Baylor faculty, spoof the ways in which medicant fractures ordinary language by asking audiences to scan horrible examples from medical journals. A favorite: the article by a professional administrator that urged medical staffs to "take an aggressively penetrating approach to the communicative dimensions of the interfaces between institutions of medicine." Another example: "Birth weight and gestation were obtained for 245 deaths with congenital heart disease that were autopsied." They use cartoons to illustrate medical clichés: "the patient was explored"; "two days after admission, the patient was operated."

The patient was explored.

Says DeBakey: "Until society restores literacy to a position of esteem, there is no motivation for young people to learn to read and write." Aptly enough, she advises doctors to heed the words of Alexander Pope: "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound/ Much fruit of sense is rarely found."

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Education

the renaissance of clear collegiate prose. For the second year in a row, Iowa is running a six-month course for directors of freshman English programs from colleges all over the country, among them Dartmouth, Hollins and the Air Force Academy. The professors not only study writing and how to teach it, they write papers and are constantly subjected to criticism. One assignment this year: build a homemade anemometer to measure wind, then write a clear and concise report about how it works.

Re-experiencing the pangs of composition can be a humbling experience. Taking criticism from others is painful but useful. Concedes Beverly Been, director of freshman composition at Washington's Walla Walla College: "In the past all I cared about was that students produced a paper that was grammatically correct. It may, in fact, have said nothing."

Another goal of the Iowa program is to combat what the institute calls the "battered writer syndrome," *i.e.*, student papers that are slashed with red pencil in the margins—*awk* for awkward phrase, *dangle* for dangling participles and modifiers—without any comments on substance. Says Iowa's David Hamilton: "Once you and the writer agree on what he is trying to say, then you can come to agreement about how to put it into form."

The Iowa institute is seeking commitment to curricular reform from a cross section of the nation's colleges. So far, 22 new freshman writing courses have resulted from the program. Beyond teaching techniques, the Iowa gospel is that writing instruction should not be confined to English departments. It must become a part of all college courses.

That approach, known as "writing across the curriculum," was first pioneered at Minnesota's Carleton College. It has been applied since 1977 by more than 60 faculty members at Beaver College, in Glenside, Pa. There, students practice writing in history, psychology (as they observe and describe the "Mama Rat" experiment in the lab), even mathematics classes, where they write word problems. So far, 400 schools and colleges have asked Beaver for details of the program. Observes Beaver Professor Elaine Maimon, 35: "In freshman composition, English teachers used to teach their favorite works of literature. We were not respecting the kinds of prose that our colleagues in other disciplines require of students."

In college English departments, the shift from an all-out study of literature to a more rigorous blend of literature and composition can be a shock to the faculty. At the University of Texas' Austin campus, half the students in the 1960s were excused from fulfilling the freshman English requirement. Today that group has dipped to 28%. To staff the 256 sections of freshman English now required at the sprawling state campus, Liberal Arts Dean Robert King has ordered all English pro-

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Education

fessors to teach one composition course annually. So far, none has carried out initial threats to quit from overwork.

Duke University has plans to require English composition for all freshmen regardless of entering grades or Scholastic Aptitude Test scores. But the battle does not end with the freshman year. Dartmouth recently discovered that the skill of some students who did well in freshman writing actually declined in the next three years, so lax were the college writing requirements.

One new technique for teaching writing is something called "sentence combining." Instead of analyzing essays or mastering general principles, students learn writing and organization by building paragraphs from collections of dozens of related sentences ("The train arrives at the station"; "The station is crowded"). One study of 300 freshmen at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, found

The Iowa Institute's Richard Lloyd-Jones
Writing must be part of all college courses

that students trained by this method wrote significantly better than a control group. Sentence combining can be used at all age levels. A program called Success, developed at Duke, teaches second- and third-graders how to read and write using vocabulary from newspapers. Before writing their own paragraphs, they compose paragraphs together, with the teacher at the blackboard acting as secretary.

In part because these and other writing reforms are so late in coming, businesses increasingly find it necessary to set up their own writing programs. It is not merely that secretaries tend not to know how to spell. M.B.A.'s with degrees from prestigious colleges cannot write clear letters, memos or reports. "Communications training is one of the hottest areas in the corporate field today," says Nate Rosenblatt, a vice president of a new and thriving New Jersey–based company called Learn Inc. One of Learn's big pedagogic sellers—to personnel at RCA and E.I.

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Education

Hutton, among others—is a packaged seminar called Power Writing. Sample exercises: write a thank-you letter or a memo with a "dynamic" and "relevant" opening; write a rejection on a business proposal with sympathy and understanding. One corrective exercise asks, "Did you find rewriting the clichés easy?" At $89.95 each, the firm has sold upwards of 10,000 Power Writing kits, each of which contains workbooks, a dictionary, a thesaurus and four audio cassettes. American Telephone and Telegraph has budgeted an estimated $2 million to provide a customized version of the Power Writing course for 20 Bell System offices throughout the nation.

Behind the push by business to improve employee writing is a recognition that bad writing costs money. "We can't do anything with their engineering if they can't explain it to us," says an Amoco supervisor in Wyoming. "I don't have time to fiddle around with their ideas unless they've worked them into shape." As Gene Cartwright, a manager at Standard Oil of Indiana, puts it, "Companies are built around reports." Robert L. Craig, an official of the American Society for Training and Development, goes further. Poor writing, he insists, is a significant "factor in the whole drop in the growth of American productivity."

Like employees elsewhere, most of those who enroll at the Sun Institute for the Sun Co. course called Write Up the Ladder suffer from lack of confidence about writing basic memos and letters. "They hate to be straightforward or direct," says George Murphy, one of the Villanova University English professors who handle the course. Says Bonnie Perry, a Sun education director: "Their idea of what constitutes good writing is something that is excessively pompous and stilted. They go on and on, never getting to the point."

Few of the suggested ways to improve writing are truly new. What is new is the national conviction that something must be done about writing, and the challenge of trying to spread writing skills widely throughout a society as diverse as the U.S.'s. As Richard Lloyd-Jones, associate director of the Iowa institute, observes, "In the 12th century, you could have 50 to 100 scribes take care of all the business of the Court of Chancery in England. Only in the 20th century have we had the notion that everyone needs to be able to do it. Until now we have not really faced the problem of how to pass on writing by means other than one-to-one apprenticeship."

The fuss over writing skill means one thing at least: students will write more. And that fact alone is significant, whatever the quality of instruction and the classroom method. Writing experts frequently quote an apt Latin proverb: *scribendo disces scribere*. It means that by writing one learns to write. ■

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The Lives of Luger and Stiletto

WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS *by David C. Martin*
Harper & Row; 236 pages; $12.50

If, in the biblical sense, the truth shall make you free, then members of counterintelligence are serving life sentences. As the CIA's longtime chief of counterintelligence, James Angleton, sees it, agents wander through a "wilderness of mirrors," in which no revelation can be entirely trusted. Many have tried to chart that wilderness, and inevitably much of the landscape and many of the personalities are thoroughly familiar. But David C. Martin, a Washington reporter for *Newsweek*, has some fresh perspectives: he delves deeply into the daily life of counterintelligence operatives; he recounts a sensational (and eminently disputable) surmise about Angleton; and with documents obtained with the Freedom of Information Act, he gives credit for the exposure of Kim Philby, Britain's most notorious postwar traitor, to a relatively obscure CIA official. *Wilderness* focuses on an odd couple: the elusive Angleton and the swaggering William Harvey, an improbable pair of diverse talents and temperaments who together stood guard over America's secrets for much of the postwar era. Observes Martin: "Where Harvey had raged against the Soviet threat with *basso profundo* and six-shooter, Angleton seduced with a hypnotic blend of brilliance and mystique. Angleton was the Italian stiletto to Harvey's German Luger."

William King Harvey a.k.a. the "Pear"

ATHERTON—THE WASHINGTON POST

Superspy James Angleton testifying in 1975

Such weapons were needed to combat the sudden surge of Soviet expansion as World War II drew to a close. Angleton hardly seemed suited for the part: he aspired to be a poet, and his friend E.E. Cummings called him a "miracle of momentous complexity." But Angleton's poetic imagination proved useful indeed when he was put in charge of counterintelligence for the wartime OSS in Italy. Recruiting German and Italian agents, he performed spectacularly. He unearthed the secret correspondence between Hitler and Mussolini, the Soviet instructions to the Italian Communist Party for supporting the Red uprising in Greece, an exchange of letters between Stalin and Tito, foreshadowing their break.

Named chief of counterintelligence in 1954, Angleton had to pass judgment on defectors coming out of the Soviet bloc. Were they genuine or sent to mislead the U.S. with "disinformation"? Very few defectors got through his fine net, frustrating other CIA agents anxious to collect all the information they could. Echoing their complaints, Martin charges that Angleton became so obsessed with uncovering a Soviet "mole" in the CIA that he immobilized its operations. Martin even dignifies in print some speculation of others that astonishes and angers Angleton's admirers in the intelligence community: that Angleton himself could have been a mole, purposely using the cover of his aggressive suspicions to vitiate the agency. Angleton was, of course, paid to be as suspicious as possible, and he did his job.

Unlike Angleton, Harvey was almost too accessible. Known as the "Pear" because of his shape, Harvey was, says Martin, "the secret war made flesh." The bluff, boisterous Harvey began his career at the FBI, where his macho style offended J. Edgar Hoover. Transferring to the CIA, he took with him an encyclopedic knowledge of Soviet agents operating in the U.S. Harvey, contemptuous of striped-pants types, was the first, declares Martin, to identify Philby as a Soviet spy. The fact that Philby traveled in the best circles did not mislead Harvey as it did others. In a memo digging into many dark corners of Philby's career, Harvey spelled out a pattern that led to the double agent's unmasking.

Having urged the construction of a tunnel under East Berlin, which allowed the CIA to tap into communications within the Eastern bloc, Harvey developed a reputation for accomplishing the impossible. That proved his undoing. When the Kennedy brothers ordered a secret operation to overthrow Castro, Harvey was put in charge. He employed all the tricks of his trade, including the recruitment of Mafia figures for a rubout, but he failed. After that, it was all downhill as he drank away his frustrations and died of a heart attack in 1976.

Martin often writes perceptively and sympathetically of his hero-villains. In the end, he rebukes them for going too far, for being so mesmerized by their craft that they became as great a danger to the U.S. as to the Soviet Union. But in a world where the KGB has grown increasingly aggressive, it is at least worth considering how far is too far. Angleton and Harvey deserve to be judged by what did not happen, by what the Soviets were unable to achieve while they had the watch. Now that they are gone and American counterintelligence is much reduced, one can only hope that the next book written on the subject can limn as satisfactory a record.

— *Edwin Warner*

Excerpt

"At a square-dancing party one warm summer evening in Berlin, Harvey was perspiring profusely under a heavy tweed sports jacket but rejected all suggestions that he take it off. 'Can't,' he growled, flipping open the jacket to reveal a pearl-handled revolver strapped under each sweaty armpit. Why not check the guns at the door? 'Can't,' Harvey growled again. 'When you need 'em, you need 'em in a hurry.'"

One of the dancers in "Dancin'," now in its 3rd year at New York City's Broadhurst Theater and touring in a national road show

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Books

Lacrimae Rerum

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ASCENT
by Gilbert Rogin
Random House; 181 pages; $8.95

Albert is forever coaxing the world to yield up more elegant significances, secretly glowing metaphysics. He goes for a tangerine at night: "Opening the refrigerator he is dazzled by the burst of light, finding it comparable to the effulgence which in the Rembrandt print reveals the stirring Lazarus, floods Christ's robes. In that case, the light presumably emanates from the Lord instead of coming from behind the No-Cal cream soda, but the principle is the same." Albert peers into a dryer at the Laundromat: "Behind the glass door, clothes appear and reappear, seemingly striving with death-defying leaps to reach an unattainable objective to be something more exalted than garments, Albert guesses."

But in the claustrophobic tumble of his brain, the world has a habit of collapsing into melancholy. Poor overread Albert warns himself about Keats' "egotistical sublime." His rich interior is forever ababble with Kant and Schopenhauer and his own obsessive, bewildered mutterings. A distant descendant of Leopold Bloom, cousin to the anguished intellectual comics of Saul Bellow, Philip Roth and even Woody Allen, Albert negotiates a shambling, rueful passage through his mid-40s. He has made *Who's Who in America* (a New York magazine writer and editor), but "lately he has the feeling that he is not so much pursuing his destiny as furiously racing alongside it, the way cars race trains in old movies." He noodles the *lacrimae rerum* note. He studies life from a perspective of witty but vaguely narcissistic woe.

Gilbert Rogin
Racing alongside his own destiny

Novelist Rogin is the managing editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, a magazine in which bright, brisk conflicts get resolved by the end of the fourth quarter. Albert's world is more bewildering, achingly inconclusive. He lives in a Greenwich Village brownstone, two flights up from his "semi-ex-wife" Violet, who has resumed life with her first husband, a functioning dipso poet named Skippy Mountjoy. Albert drops by to walk their dachshund every day. His girlfriend is a youthful, frantically athletic woman whom he calls the Human Dynamo. She telephones him at night from New Canaan, Conn., to wonder whether the vanity plates on her new BMW should say YOGURT or SUNDAE or MUFFIN. Stooped by his literacy and sorrow, Albert must listen to the Dynamo complain: "You don't play tennis, you don't snow-ski, you don't water-ski ... Albert, we have nothing in common." The Dynamo later lets fly with some of her generation's ultimate obloquy: "You're so out of touch with your own feelings." Albert tries to unload some of his burdens upon his psychiatrist, a lulu named Nederlander ("I'm turning the wheel over to you, Doc"), but the best advice the shrink can offer is, "Tonight, eat Chinese."

Rogin has arranged his novel as a disorderly meditation wandering over six years of Albert's life. Tragedy (his stepson's death by drowning) blows by with a sort of offhanded inevitability. The Dynamo moves from New Canaan to Fair Haven. But the action is entirely within the well-furnished brain of antic and sorrowing Albert. One day he tells his psychiatrist: "You know, Tolstoy said that playing the accordion diverts men from realizing the falsity of their goals." Replies Dr. Nederlander: "You want me to turn on the Yankee game?"

Albert would be a solipsistically inward character, mildly insufferable, if it were not for the extraordinary grace and intelligence of Rogin's prose, which sometimes accomplishes small, splendid feats of magic. At one point he warns the reader: "What follows is tender and complicated." Exactly. — *Lance Morrow*

Memories

MAYBE
by Lillian Hellman
Little, Brown; 106 pages; $7.95

This slim book calls itself a story and reads like a fourth installment of Playwright Lillian Hellman's memoirs. In the latter guise, it is not a sequel but a haunting. Its 92 pages of actual text skip glancingly over the life already set forth in *An Unfinished Woman* (1969), *Pentimento* (1973) and *Scoundrel Time* (1976). This time, though, Hellman seems less interested in setting her record straight than in wondering whether such a task is possible

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Books

Lillian Hellman

Drama from the act of forgetting

at all. She writes: "So much of what you had counted on as a solid wall of convictions now seems on bad nights, or in sickness, or just weakness, no longer made of much that can be leaned against. It is then that one can barely place oneself in time."

Instead of succumbing to this uncertainty, Hellman illustrates it. For her ostensible subject, she chooses Sarah Cameron, a rich, frivolous American woman who has dropped briefly into Hellman's life at widely separated times and places Rome, rural France, Hollywood, Harlem She is evidently pseudonymous and may be fictional as well. It hardly matters here What matters to Hellman is that Sarah's story seems beyond the author's powers to tell. "Why am I writing about Sarah?" she wonders. "I really only began to think about her a few years ago, and then not often. Although I always rather liked her, she is of no importance to my life and never was." If authors truly succeed by writing what they know, Hellman seems to be courting failure.

Yet she succeeds, not in bringing Sarah Cameron to life but in capturing an altogether different subject: the enigma of experiences filtered through memory. As if dropping a clue, Hellman mentions Proust in passing. Her method, as it turns out, is the opposite of his. She extracts drama from the act of forgetting: "As time and much of life has passed, my memory —which for the purpose of this tale has kept me awake sorting out what I am certain of, what maybe I added to what, because I didn't see or know the people —won't supply what I need to know." Because they have been struggled for, the snippets of the past reclaimed for the narrative seem weightier than they should Sarah Cameron never appears to be much more substantial than a wraith, even, apparently, to those much closer to her than

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Hellman. The reports of her death may have been exaggerated. Evidence is presented that Sarah lives on, the beneficiary of a life-insurance scam. She is important to the author only because she survives in the mind, one ghost among many.

Maybe tantalizes, but it does not tease. Hellman convincingly portrays herself as someone who would tell more if she only knew more. Pose or not, the stratagem works and the surface holds. People meet, get drunk together, exchange pleasantries or insults, separate, come to various bad or unhappy ends. Mobsters mix with writers, money is thrown around, beauty saves the last waltz for evil. All this is transmitted through a literary imagination clearly shaped by the 1930s. The wastrels and addled debutantes whom Hellman keeps bumping into could have been, perhaps were, created by F. Scott Fitzgerald. When she describes a sensuous experience, like going swimming, Hellman reaches for her Hemingway: "The water was the right temperature, everything was good, everything was better." She has kept a large vocabulary out of Dashiell Hammett, her longtime companion, and gangster films. "Stuff" and "junk" are all-purpose nouns; a restaurant is a "steak joint" or a "fish dump."

Those who have been annoyed by such mannerisms in the past may find them less objectionable here. They not only convey the period that Hellman strains to retrieve, but their tough-gal veneer is offset by the sadness and vulnerability of the woman within. — ***Paul Gray***

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (1 last week)*
2. Random Winds, *Plain*
3. No Love Lost, *Van Slyke (2)*
4. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (3)*
5. The Ninja, *Lustbader (5)*
6. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (4)*
7. Portraits, *Freeman (8)*
8. Glitter and Ash, *Smith*
9. The Executioner's Song, *Mailer*
10. The Bleeding Heart, *French (6)*

NONFICTION

1. Will, *Liddy (4)*
2. Men in Love, *Friday (1)*
3. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (2)*
4. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (10)*
5. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (3)*
6. The Third Wave, *Toffler (7)*
7. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (5)*
8. Heartsounds, *Lear*
9. Jim Fixx's Second Book of Running, *Fixx (6)*
10. The Real War, *Nixon*

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Medicine

Does the FDA Know Best?

A storm over providing advice on drugs

Soon after Lewis Carroll's Alice tumbles down the rabbit hole, she finds a little bottle with a label tied round its neck. Printed on it is a short, direct message: DRINK ME. Prudently, Alice looks to make sure there is no additional marking saying POISON, mindful that imbibing toxic liquids "is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later." Discovering none, she obeys the command—and shrinks to a height of ten inches.

Much like the unsuspecting Alice, today's patients frequently feel they are falling into a drug Wonderland. All too often the powerful pills and potions prescribed by doctors come with nothing more than the pharmacist's typed label bearing the drug's name and the unedifying command: "Take as directed." Even if the physician has provided added information in his office, it may be woefully inadequate. Given hurriedly, short on detail, with possible harmful consequences glossed over or even omitted, the instructions frequently seem to be following the hoary 16th century precept of England's Royal College of Physicians: "Let no one teach the people about medicines or even tell them the names of medicines."

Last year, under pressure from consumer groups, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) decided to remedy such patient ignorance. It proposed that 375 prescription medications be accompanied by simply written instructional leaflets about the drugs. These patient package inserts, or PPIs, would explain, among other things, what the drug is used for, how it should be taken and for how long, its possible side effects, even how to store it. The PPIs would also include special caveats, such as warnings to avoid alcohol or certain foods and medications that could dangerously alter the drug's potency as well as certain activities, like sunbathing and driving, that might be harmful to a person taking the drug.

The idea seemed innocent enough; nonprescription over-the-counter drugs, which are generally less powerful, have long come with printed consumer information. But the FDA's proposal quickly brought a storm of controversy. Drug manufacturers are worried about legal repercussions should a drug user develop a rare side effect unmentioned in a PPI. Though the FDA figures that the cost of preparing, storing and distributing leaflets would add only an average of 6¼¢ to each prescription, professional groups reckon the extra tab at 22¢ to 35¢. Pharmacists are afraid that the leaflets will provoke a rash of time-consuming questions from customers. Some say that they may be put in the uncomfortable position of seeming to second-guess the doctors. Gripes a Virginia pharmacist: "If the medical profession were doing its job, there wouldn't be a consumer need for these PPIs."

Many physicians contend that the leaflets will interfere with the doctor-patient relationship. Some contend that there are patients—for instance, some of those suffering from schizophrenia or cancer—who would be better off not knowing the precise nature of their ailments; yet they would probably be able to deduce the diagnosis from the insert. Still other doctors fear that PPIs could be seen as quasi-legal documents defining minimal standards of care, and thus expose

COLLIER PICTURES

Carroll's heroine ponders mystery liquid

Modern Alices in a drug Wonderland.

them to more malpractice suits. Perhaps the most serious concern (shared by doctors, drug manufacturers and the FDA) is that a laundry list of possible adverse effects could scare off patients from needed medication.

Partly in response to the furor, the FDA now plans to require inserts for only ten drugs, one of them probably the popular tranquilizer Valium. FDA Commissioner Jere Goyan, a pharmacist, supports this truth-in-prescription experiment, but acknowledges that PPIs may have surprising side effects. He cites the case of a friend's wife who underwent a hysterectomy, or removal of the uterus. Later she was given a prescription for estrogen, for which the FDA has required PPIs since 1977. After reading the leaflet, she immediately wanted to stop taking the hormone. Her reason: she was afraid of developing cancer of the uterus. ■

Before you spend any money for a new wagon, see what Oldsmobile's had built for you.

These are two of our 1980 Cruisers, the mid-size Cutlass Cruiser Brougham on the left and the full-size Custom Cruiser on the right. If you're looking for a wagon that'll give you solid value and loads of utility, you're looking in the right direction.

These are Oldsmobiles. You know they're solidly built. The ride is tuned to give you a quiet smoothness you might not expect from a station wagon. Corrosion is combated with galvanized metals, plastisol, aluminum-impregnated wax under-coatings and a zinc-rich layer of primer. One slam of the doors will help tell you...Olds Wagons are built.

They're also very economical. They offer impressive mileage and range estimates. The EPA estimates below are for our available diesel V8.

These wagons also have Oldsmobile luxury through and through. Power steering, power brakes, automatic transmission and rich upholstery are but four of many standard features. And available options include nearly everything you would expect from a luxurious car. After all, these are the Oldsmobiles of station wagons.

See your Olds dealer. Compare price, mileage, engine choices, resale, luxury. Compare everything you want in a station wagon.

We think you'll be very satisfied with the station wagon Oldsmobile's had built for you.

Cutlass Cruiser Diesel

22	400	34	618
EPA Est. MPG	EPA Est. Range	Hwy. Est.	Hwy. Range

Custom Cruiser Diesel

21	462	31	682
EPA Est. MPG	EPA Est. Range	Hwy. Est.	Hwy. Range

GM

Remember: The boxed EPA estimates are for comparison to other cars. Your mileage and range depend on your speed, weather and trip length; your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Driving range estimates are obtained by multiplying the EPA and highway estimates by the standard fuel tank capacity rating of 18.2 gallons for Cutlass Cruiser—22.0 for Custom Cruiser. DIESELS NOW AVAILABLE IN CALIFORNIA. California mileage may vary. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

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